



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

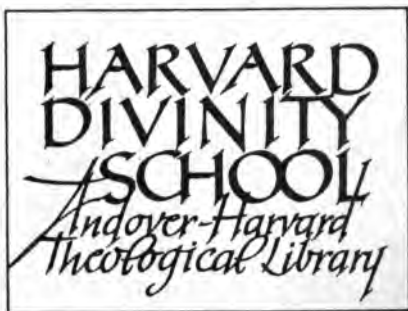
### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Mus  
491

50.1866.7



FROM THE ESTATE OF

**Rev. Charles Hutchins**

OF CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

*Received June 6, 1939*



22

Dear Mother  
I am in the same  
way as you.



o  
**DEVOTIONAL HY**

**SELECTED**  
**FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS**



**NEW-YORK :**  
**D. F. RANDOLPH, No. 770 BROADWAY**  
**1866.**

~~Ms 491.50.12667~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY  
FROM THE ESTATE OF  
REV. CHARLES HUTCHINS  
MAY 24, 1939

EV  
457  
.R94  
185

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return,  
and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy  
upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and glad-  
ness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."  
—ISAIAH 85: 10.

---

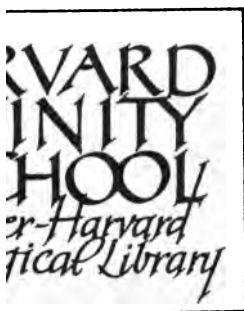
JOHN A. GRAY,  
PRINTER AND STERNOTYPED,  
16 & 18 Jacob St., N. Y.

---

## CONTENTS.

---

|                                                           |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,.....              | 60 |
| As when the weary traveller gains,.....                   | 20 |
| Be still my heart; these anxious cares,.....              | 80 |
| Blessed are the sons of God,.....                         | 28 |
| Call Jehovah thy salvation,.....                          | 7  |
| Cheer up, desponding soul,.....                           | 88 |
| Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat, . . . .         | 45 |
| Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,.....                 | 41 |
| Eternal Source of every joy,.....                         | 28 |
| Fairest Lord Jesus,.....                                  | 49 |
| Father, I know that all my life,.....                     | 11 |
| Father, I long, I faint to see,.....                      | 74 |
| Feeble, helpless, how shall I,.....                       | 58 |
| Forever with the Lord, oh! can it be,.....                | 71 |
| For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my<br>King,..... | 46 |
| From the recesses of a lowly spirit,.....                 | 54 |
| Go and tell Jesus why thy heart is full, . . . .          | 86 |
| God that mad'st the earth and heaven,.....                | 68 |
| Gracious Jesus, Lord most dear,.....                      | 65 |



# vi

|                                                                 |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| One prayer I have, all prayers in one,.....                     | 34 |
| One sweetly solemn thought,.....                                | 5  |
| O Thou! by long experience tried,.....                          | 44 |
| O Thou! from whom all mercy springs,.....                       | 12 |
| O Thou! that hear'st the prayers of faith,....                  | 29 |
| O Thou! whose gently chastening hand,.....                      | 4  |
| Our Father! through the coming year, .....                      | 1  |
| Poor and needy though I be,.....                                | 65 |
| Still, still with Thee when purple morning break-<br>eth, ..... | 19 |
| Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,.....                         | 26 |
| Teach me, my God and King,.....                                 | 25 |
| That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord,..                  | 50 |
| The wanderer no more shall roam,.....                           | 52 |
| Thou boundless source of every good,.....                       | 15 |
| Though some good things of lower worth, ....                    | 67 |
| Thy home is with the humble, Lord,.....                         | 49 |
| Thy way, not mine, O Lord,.....                                 | 2  |
| Thy will be done. In devious way, .....                         | 18 |
| 'Tis gone, that bright and orbéd blaze, .....                   | 14 |
| Vainly through night's weary hours,.....                        | 24 |
| Weary, Lord, of struggling here,....                            | 40 |
| We would see Jesus, for the shadows lengthen, .                 | 70 |
| What is this that steals upon my frame,....                     | 75 |
| When wakened by Thy voice of power,.....                        | 57 |
| While dead in trespasses I lie,.....                            | 68 |
| Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am Thine,..                      | 66 |

praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing  
unto our God; for it is pleasant; and  
comely."—PSALM 147: 1.

# Devotional Hymns.

---

## I.

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."  
JER. 10 : 23.

Our Father! through the coming year  
We know not what shall be ;  
But we would leave without a fear  
Its ordering all to Thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair ;  
And all the good we thought to gain,  
Deceive and prove but care.

It may be it shall darkly blend  
Our love with anxious fears,  
And snatch away the valued friend,  
The tried of many years.

It may be it shall bring us days  
 And nights of lingering pain;  
 And bid us take a farewell gaze  
 Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on Thee we rest;  
 No fears our trust shall move;  
 Thou knowest what for each is best,  
 And Thou art Perfect Love.

GASKI

## 2.

"Thou wilt show me the path of life." PSALM 16

Thy way, not mine, O Lord!  
 However dark it be;  
 Lead me by Thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough,  
 It will be still the best;  
 Winding or straight, it matters not,  
 It leads me to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot,  
 I would not if I might;  
 Choose Thou for me, O God!  
 So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine ; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom and my all.

H. BONAR.

### 3.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."  
JOHN 14: 14.

My prayer to the promise shall cling—  
I will not give heed to a doubt ;  
For I ask for the one needful thing  
Which I can not be happy without.

A spirit of lowly repose  
 In the love of the Lamb that was slain  
 A heart to be touched with His woes,  
 And a care not to grieve Him again ;

The peace that my Saviour has bought,  
 The cheerfulness nothing can dim,  
 The love that can bring every thought  
 Into perfect obedience to Him ;

The wisdom His mercy to own  
 In the way he directs me to take—  
 To glory in Jesus alone,  
 And to love and do good for His sake

All this Thou hast offered to me  
 In the promise whereon I will rest ;  
 For faith, O my Saviour ! in Thee,  
 Is the substance of all my request.

Thy word has commanded my prayer,  
 Thy Spirit has taught me to pray ;  
 And all my unholy despair  
 Is ready to vanish away.

Thou wilt not be weary of me,  
 Thy promise my faith shall sustain ;  
 And soon, very soon shall I see  
 I have not been asking in vain.

ANNA L. WARD

"Now no chastening for the present seen  
be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, after  
it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness:  
them which are exercised thereby." **HAB. 12: 11**

O Thou whose gently chastening hand  
In mercy deals the blow !  
Make but Thy servant understand  
Wherefore Thou layest me low !

I ask Thee not the rod to spare  
While thus Thy love I see ;  
But oh ! let every suffering bear  
Some message, Lord, from Thee !

Perhaps an erring wish I knew  
To read my future fate,  
And Thou wouldst say: "Thy days are few,  
And vain thy best estate."

Perhaps Thy glory seemed my choice,  
While I secured my own,  
And thus my kind Reprover's voice  
Tells me He works alone !

Oh ! silence Thou this murmuring will,  
Nor bid Thy rough wind stay,  
Till with a furnace hotter still  
My dross is purged away !

"Here have we no continuing city, but we desire one to come." HEB. 13: 14.

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er :  
I'm nearer home to-day  
Than I've ever been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the jasper sea ;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down  
Nearer leaving my cross,  
Nearer wearing my crown.

~~~~~

For even now my feet  
 May stand upon its brink—  
 I may be nearer home,  
 Nearer *now* than I think.

CAREY.

6.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me,  
 then Thou knewest my path." PSALM 142:8.

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,  
 Calling Thee Father—sweet, endearing  
 name—  
 The sufferings of this weak and weary frame  
 All, all are known to Thee.

From human eye 'tis better to conceal  
 Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;  
 But oh! this thought does tranquillize and  
 heal—  
 All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,  
 Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win;  
 Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,  
 All, all, is known to Thee.

This brief appeal, submissively I make  
All, all is known to Thee

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned  
Each drop that fills my daily cup, Thy  
Prescribes for ills none else can understand  
All, all is known to Thee

The effectual means to hate what I desire  
In me Thy longed-for likeness to restore  
Self to dethrone, never to govern more  
All, all are known to Thee

And this continual feebleness—this sickness  
Which seemeth to unnerve and incapacitate  
My hopes and fears

## 7.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." PSALM 91 : 1.

Call Jehovah thy salvation,  
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade,  
In His secret habitation  
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed ;  
There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword, at noon-day wasting,  
From the noisome pestilence,  
In the depth of midnight blasting,  
God shall be thy sure defense.  
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,  
When a thousand feel the blow ;  
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,  
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,  
God, thine hope, shall bear through all,  
Plague shall not come near thy dwelling,  
Thee no evil shall befall :

Though thou walk in desolate regions  
Though in desert wilds thou sle

Since, with pure and true affection  
Thou on God hast set thy love,  
With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above :  
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save ;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the gra

MON

## 8.

"For they that say such things, dec

I am weary of hoping—where hope is untrue:

As fair but as fleeting as morning's bright dew;

I long for that land whose blest promise alone  
Is changeless and sure as eternity's throne.

I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,  
O'er joy's glowing visions that fade at their birth;

O'er the pangs of the loved, that we can not assuage;

O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

I am weary of loving what passes away—  
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;

I long for that land where these partings are  
o'er

And death and the tomb can divide hearts  
no more.

I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving Thy love;

Oh! when shall I rest in Thy presence  
above?

I am weary—but oh! let me never repine,  
While Thy word and Thy love and Thy promise are mine.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

## 9.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all thin  
I will be his God and he shall be my son." Re

Oh ! it is hard to work for God.  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides Himself so wondrously  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

It is not so, but so it looks ;  
And we lose courage then ;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah ! God is other than we think,  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reach  
Only by childlike love.

Workmen of God ! oh ! lose not heart  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battle-field  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

19

Oh! blest is he to whom is given:  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field, when He  
Is most invisible.

And blessed is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

FALEK.

10.

"I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me."  
GEN. 32 : 26.

Nay, I can not let Thee go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away Thy face—  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case !

Dost Thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah! my Lord, Thou know'st my name!  
Yet the question gives a plea,  
To support my suit with Thee.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold,  
Scorn Thy grace, Thy power defy —  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Lord, that mercy came to  
Many years have passed s  
Many changes I have see  
Yet have been upheld till  
Who could hold me up b

Thou hast helped in every  
This emboldens me to ple  
After so much mercy past  
Canst Thou let me sink at

No—I must maintain my  
'Tis Thy goodness makes  
I can no denial take,  
When I plead for Jesus' s

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
 Through constant watching wise,  
 To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
 And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
 And a heart *at leisure from itself*,  
 To soothe and sympathize.

I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
 To none who ask denied;  
 And a mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at Thy side,  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If *Thou* be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
 In my cup of blessing be,  
 I would have my spirit filled the more  
 With grateful love to Thee—  
 And careful less to serve Thee *much*,  
 Than to please Thee *perfectly*.

In a service which Thy love appoints,  
 There are no bonds for me,  
 For my inmost soul is taught "the truth,"  
 That makes Thy children "free;"  
 And a life of self-renouncing love  
 Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

"Call upon me in the day of trouble : I will  
thee, and thou shalt glorify me." PSALM 50

O Thou from whom all mercy spring  
Compassionate my sufferings,  
And pity me  
That trust in Thee !  
Oh ! shelter with Thy shady wings,  
Until these storms of woe  
Clear up or overblow.

Thee I invoke, O Thou most High,  
Thou All-performer ! from the sky  
Thy angels send ;  
Let them defend  
My soul from him that would destroy  
Oh ! send Thy mercy down—  
With truth Thy promise crown

New mercies each returning day,  
 Hover around us while we pray;  
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If in our daily course our mind  
 Be set to hallow all we find,  
 New treasures still, of countless price,  
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be  
 As more of heaven in each we see:  
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,  
 Our neighbor and our work farewell,  
 Nor strive to wind ourselves too high  
 For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,  
 Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
 Room to deny ourselves; a road  
 To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,  
 Let present rapture, comfort, ease,  
 As Heaven shall bid them, come and go.  
 The secret this, of rest below.

FIT US FOR PERFECT REST AND  
And help us this and ever  
To live more nearly as we

**14.**

"Abide with us; for it is toward  
day is far spent." LUKE 24: 29.

'Tis gone, that bright and or  
Fast fading from our wistful  
Yon mantling cloud has hid  
The last faint pulse of quive

Sun of my soul! Thou Savi  
It is not night if Thou art n  
Oh! may no earth-born clou  
To hide Thee from Thy serv

25

If some poor wandering child of Thine,  
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,  
Now Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him lie down no more in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store :  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

15.

"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall  
direct thy paths." Prov. 3 : 6.

Thou boundless Source of every good !  
Our best desires fulfill :  
Help us to adore Thy sovereign grace,  
And mark Thy sovereign will.

In all Thy mercies may our souls  
Thy bounteous goodness see ;  
Nor let the gifts Thy grace imparts  
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

Teach us in time of deep distress,  
 To own Thy hand, O God !  
 And in submissive silence learn  
 The lessons of Thy rod.

In every changing scene of life,  
 Whate'er that scene may be,  
 Give us a meek and humble mind,  
 A mind at peace with Thee.

Do Thou direct our souls aright ;  
 Help us Thy name to fear :  
 Oh ! give us grace to watch and pray  
 And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death  
 Free from distracting care ;  
 For death is life—and labor rest,  
 If Thou art with us there.

PRATT'S

## 16.

" I will lead them in paths they have not known."  
 Is.

Lead, Saviour, lead, amid the encircling  
 Lead Thou me on :  
 The night is dark, and I am far from home  
 Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
 The distant scene—one step enough for me

27.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Should'st lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the gláre of day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me—sure it  
still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er vale and hill, through stream and tor-  
rent, till  
The night is gone,  
And, with the morn, those angel-faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

BONAR'S HYMN BOOK.

17.

"Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you."  
JAMES 4: 8

Lord, I am come alone with Thee!  
Thy voice to hear, Thy face to see,  
And feel Thy presence near;  
It is not fancy's lovely dream,  
Though wondrous e'en to faith it seem  
That Thou dost wait me here.

moment from this outward life,  
its service, self-denial, strife,

I joyfully retreat;  
My soul through intercourse with Thee  
Strengthened, refreshed, and calmed shall  
Its scenes again to meet.

How sweet, how solemn thus to lie  
And feel Jehovah's searching eye  
On me well pleased can rest!  
Because with His Beloved Son,  
The Father's grace has made me one  
I must be always blest.

The secret pangs I could not tell  
To dearest friend—*Thou* knowest  
They claim Thy gracious hear  
Love with tender care  
With love to h

No cold repulse, no frown I meet,  
But tender, soul-subduing, sweet  
Is the rebuke of Love.

18.

"Not my will, but Thine be done." LUKE 22: 42.

Thy will be done! In devious way  
The hurrying stream of life may run;  
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,  
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! If o'er us shine  
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,  
This prayer shall make it more divine:  
Thy will be done!

Thy will be done! Though shrouded o'er  
Our path with gloom, one comfort, one  
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,  
Thy will be done!

BOWRING.

19.

"When I awake I am still with Thee." PS. 139: 18.

Still, still with Thee—when purple morning  
breaketh,  
When the bird waketh, and the shadows  
flee;



an the day-

ss *I am with*

stic shadows,  
ewly born ;  
adoration,  
ss of the morn

aveless ocean,  
star doth rest,  
ldest only  
of my breast.

, each new-born

ador still is giver  
sness awakin'

## 31

So shall it be at last on that bright morning  
 When the soul waketh and life's shadows  
     flee;  
 Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight's  
     dawning,  
 Shall rise the glorious thought, *I am with  
     Thee!*

H. B. STOWE.

## 20.

"Let us run with patience the race set before us  
 in the Gospel." HEB. 12: 1.

As when the weary traveller gains  
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,  
 His heart revives, if 'cross the plains  
     He eyes his home, though distant still.

While he surveys the much-loved spot,  
 He slights the space that lies between;  
 His past fatigues are now forgot,  
     Because his journey's end is seen.

Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,  
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,  
 The sight his fainting strength renews,  
     And wings his speed to reach the prize.

f home his spirit cheers,  
grieves for troubles past:  
ce trial fears,  
safe arrive at last.

he says, I am to dwell  
us in the realms of day;  
ll bid my cares farewell,  
shall wipe my tears away.

Thee our hope depends  
d us on to Thine abode:  
our home will make amends  
ll the trials on the road. NE

21.

meditation of Him shall be swe  
d in the Lord." PSALM 104:84.

Oh! how the thought of God  
And draws the heart from  
And sickens it of passing sho  
And dissipating mirth!

God only is the creature's h  
Thou'gh long and rough t  
Yet nothing less can satisf  
The love that longs for

How little of that road, my soul !  
 How little hast thou gone !  
 Take heart, and let the thought of God  
 Allure thee further on.

Dole not thy duties out to God,  
 But let thy hand be free :  
 Look long at Jesus : His own blood,  
 How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;  
 It is not hard to love ;  
 If thou wert sick for want of God,  
 How swiftly wouldst thou move !

Be docile to thy unseen Guide,  
 Love Him as He loves thee ;  
 Time and obedience are enough,  
 And thou like Him shalt be !

FABER.

22.

" And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at  
 the even-tide." GEN. 24 : 63.

Hail, tranquil hour of closing day !  
 Begone disturbing care !  
 And look, my soul, from earth away  
 To Him who heareth prayer.

How sweet the tear of penitence  
Before His throne of grace,  
While, to the contrite spirit's sense,  
He shows a smiling face.

How sweet, through long-remembered  
His mercies to recall,  
And pressed with wants and griefs and  
To trust His love for all.

How sweet to look, in thoughtful hope  
Beyond this fading sky,  
And hear Him call His children up  
To His fair home on high.

Calmly the day forsakes our heaven  
To dawn beyond the west ;  
So let my soul, in life's last even,  
Retire to glorious rest.

L. 1

23.

"The Lord is good to all : and His tender  
are over all His works. All Thy works  
praise Thee, O Lord ; and Thy saints shall  
Thee." PSALM 145 : 9, 10.

Eternal Source of every joy !  
Well may Thy praise our lips employ  
While in Thy presence we appear  
Whose goodness crowns the circle

While, as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring at Thy command,  
Embalms the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts, abundant stores ;  
And winters softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.

Seasons and months and weeks and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
To Thee be grateful homage paid,  
By morning light and evening shade.

DODDRIDGE.

24.

" Except the Lord build the house, they labor in  
vain that build it : except the Lord keep the city,  
the watchman waketh but in vain." Ps. 127 : 1.

Vainly through night's weary hours,  
Keep we watch lest foes alarm ;  
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,  
But for God's protecting arm.

Vain were all our toil and labor,  
 Did not God that labor bless :  
 Vain without His grace and favor,  
 Every talent we possess.

Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
 That on human strength relies ;  
 But to him shall help be given,  
 Who in humble faith applies.

Seek we then the Lord's Anointed,  
 He will grant us peace and rest ;  
 Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
 Who through Christ his prayer address  
 H. F. Ly

## 25.

"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of  
 1 Cor.

Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things Thee to see,  
 And what I do in any thing,  
 To do it as for Thee.

A man that looks on glass,  
 On it may stay his eye ;  
 Or if he pleaseth, through it  
 And then the heavens esp

37

All may of Thee partake ;  
Nothing can be so mean,  
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)  
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,  
Makes drudgery divine :  
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,  
Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold :  
For that which God doth touch and own,  
Can not for less be told.

HERBERT.

26.

" It is good for me to draw near to God." Ps. 73 : 28.

Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,  
And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;  
For these blest hours the world I leave,  
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

The time, how lovely and how still !  
Peace smiles and shines on all below ;  
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,  
All fair with evening's setting glow.

## 38

Season of rest ! the tranquil soul  
 Feels the sweet calm and melts in love ;  
 And while these sacred moments roll,  
 Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

Nor will our days of toil be long,  
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;  
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,  
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

EDMESTON.

## 27.

"Thy mercy O Lord, is in the heavens ; and Thy  
 faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds. With Thee  
 is the fountain of life : in Thy light we shall see light."  
 PSALM 36 : 5, 9.

High in the heavens, eternal God,  
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
 That veils and darkens Thy designs,

Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
 As mountains their foundations keep ;  
 Wise are the wonders of Thy hands ;  
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large ;  
 Both man and beast Thy bounty share ;  
*The whole creation is Thy charge,*  
*But saints are Thy peculiar care.*

My God, how excellent Thy grace !  
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;  
 The sons of Adam, in distress,  
 Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

From the provisions of Thy house,  
 We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
 There mercy like a river flows,  
 And brings salvation to our taste.

Life like a fountain rich and free,  
 Springs from the presence of my Lord,  
 And in Thy light our souls shall see  
 The glories promised in Thy word.

WATTS.

28.

" Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet  
 appear what we shall be." 1 JOHN 3 : 2.

Blessed are the sons of God ;  
 They are bought with Jesus' blood,  
 They are ransomed from the grave,  
 Life eternal they shall have :  
 With them numbered may we be  
 Here and in eternity.

They are justified by grace,  
 They enjoy the Saviour's peace ;

All their sins are washed away,  
 They shall stand in God's great day :  
 With them numbered may we be  
 Here and in eternity.

They are lights upon the earth,  
 Children of the heavenly birth,  
 One with God, with Jesus one,  
 Glory is in them begun :  
 With them numbered may we be  
 Here and in eternity.

HUMPHREYS.

## 29.

"Not by works of righteousness which we have  
 done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by  
 the washing of regeneration and renewing of the  
 Holy Ghost; which He shed on us abundantly  
 through Jesus Christ our Saviour." TITUS 3: 5, 6.

O Thou that hear'st the prayer of faith !  
 Wilt Thou not save a soul from death,  
 That casts itself on Thee ?  
 I have no refuge of my own,  
 But fly to what my Lord hath done,  
 And suffered once for me.

Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,  
 His spotless righteousness I plead,  
 And His availing blood :

That righteousness my robe shall be,  
 That merit shall atone for me,  
 And bring me near to God.

Then save me from eternal death,  
 The Spirit of adoption breathe,  
 His consolations send :  
 By him some word of life impart  
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,  
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."

The king of terrors then would be  
 A welcome messenger to me,  
 To bid me come away :  
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,  
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,  
 To everlasting day.

TOPLADY.

### 30.

"Way art thou cast down, O my soul? and why  
 art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for  
 I shall yet praise Him for the help of His counte-  
 nance." PSALM 42: 5.

Be still, my heart! these anxious cares,  
 To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;  
 They cast dishonor on the Lord,  
 And contradict His gracious word.

Brought safely by ~~the~~ ~~the~~  
Why wilt thou now give place to  
How canst thou want, if He prov  
Or lose thy way with such a guide

When first before His mercy-seat  
Thou didst to Him thy way comm  
He gave thee warrant, from that  
To trust His wisdom, love, and p

Did ever trouble yet befall,  
And He refuse to hear thy call?  
And has He not His promise pas  
That thou shalt overcome at last

Though rough and thorny be th  
It leads thee home, apace, to G  
Then count thy present trials s  
For heaven will make amends

It is the Lord—should I distrust  
 Or contradict His will,  
 Who can not do but what is just,  
 And must be righteous still ?

It is the Lord—who gives me all,  
 My wealth, my friends, my ease ;  
 And of His bounties may recall  
 Whatever part He please.

It is the Lord—who can sustain  
 Beneath the heaviest load :  
 From whom assistance I obtain,  
 To tread the thorny road.

It is the Lord—whose matchless skill  
 Can from afflictions raise  
 Blessings, eternity to fill  
 With ever-growing praise.

It is the Lord—my covenant God,  
 Thrice blessed be His name,  
 Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,  
 Must ever be the same.

Can I with hopes so firmly built  
 Be sullen or repine ?  
 No gracious God—take what Thou wilt  
 To Thee I all resign.

T. GREENE.

## 32.

"Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." 1 TIM. 3: 16.

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever." REV. 5: 13.

Now to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul—awake, my tongue;  
Hosanna to the eternal name,  
And all His boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,  
The brightest image of His grace;  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Has all His mightiest works undone.

Grace! tis a sweet, a charming theme—  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!  
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound:  
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

Oh! may I reach that happy place  
Where He unveils His lovely face!  
Where all His beauties you behold,  
And sing His name to harps of gold!

33.

"The Lamb of God which taketh away the  
[the world!]" JOHN 1: 29.

My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary  
Saviour divine:  
Now hear me while I pray;  
Take all my guilt away;  
Oh! let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh! may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll ;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove ;  
Oh ! bear me safe above—  
A ransomed soul.

RAY PALME

34.

"Not what I will, but what Thou wilt." MARK 14:

One prayer I have—all prayers in one—  
When I am wholly Thine ;  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust ;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.

May I remember, that to Thee  
Whate'er I have I owe ;  
And back in gratitude from me  
*May all Thy bounties flow.*

Thy gifts are only then enjoyed -  
 When used as talents lent ;  
 Those talents only well employed  
 When in Thy service spent.

And though Thy wisdom takes away,  
 Shall I arraign Thy will ?  
 No, let me bless Thy name, and say,  
 The Lord is gracious still.

A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
 Of nothing long possessed,  
 And all must fail when I go home,  
 For this is not my rest.

Write but my name upon the roll  
 Of Thy redeemed above ;  
 Then heart and mind and strength and soul  
 I'll love Thee for *Thy* love.

MONTGOMERY.

35.

"Thy vows are upon me, O God." PSALM 56 : 12

My God, accept my heart this day  
 And make it always Thine,  
 That I from Thee no more may stray,  
 No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold I prostrate fall :  
Let every sin be crucified,  
Let Christ be all in all !

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
Adopt me for Thine own,  
That I may see Thy glorious face  
And worship at Thy throne !

May the dear blood once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,  
That I from first to last may be  
The purchase of Thy love !

Let every thought and work and word  
To Thee be ever given,  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven !

LYRA CATHOLIC

"And the disciples came and took up the body and buried it, and went and told Jesus." MATT. 14 : 12

Go and tell Jesus, when thy heart is full  
Of keen and bitter agony and woe,  
When the dear precious form of one beloved  
Is taken from thee—in the grave laid low

Go and tell Jesus, He will soothe thy grief—  
To thy poor sorrowing spirit bring relief.

Go and tell Jesus when thy sins arise  
In dark and dread perspective to thy sight;  
"Saviour, I am unclean, unclean—oh! save;  
Oh! cheer my gloomy way with Thy clear  
light."  
Go and tell Jesus, He will say to thee,  
"Be of good cheer; thy sins shall pardoned  
be."

Go and tell Jesus when thy weak heart fails  
In looking through the mist of coming  
years;  
Thou think'st of sorrow pain and loneliness  
And the bright world seems but a vale of  
tears.  
Go and tell Jesus, He will speak to thee,  
"I thy good shepherd am; oh! trust in me."

Go and tell Jesus, when thy heart is glad,  
And hope and joy and friendships crowd  
thy way;  
Ask for His sanctifying grace o'er all  
That naught may cause thy heart from  
Him to stray.  
Go and tell Jesus, making joy more bright,  
Shedding o'er all thy path a holier light.

50

Go and tell Jesus, so shall He be thine,  
 And sweetly will He come and dwell  
 thee  
 Tell *all* to Jesus, so shalt thou be His,  
 His through all time and through eter  
 "Saviour, I come: oh! teach me ho  
 pray,  
 Thou only canst, my life, my truth, my v  
 S. ROBI

37.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory." COL. 1:

My spirit longeth for Thee  
 To dwell within my breast;  
 Although I am unworthy  
 Of so divine a Guest!

Of so divine a Guest—  
 Unworthy though I be;  
 Yet hath my heart no rest  
 Until it come to Thee!

Until it come to Thee—  
 In vain I look around;  
 In all that I can see,  
 No rest is to be found!

51

No rest is to be found,  
But in Thy bleeding love :  
Oh ! let my wish be crowned,  
And send it from above !

LYRA CATHOLICA.

38.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because  
He laid down His life for us." 1 JOHN 3 : 16.

Cheer up, desponding soul,  
Thy longing pleased I see :  
'Tis part of that great whole  
Wherewith I longed for thee !

Wherewith I longed for thee,  
And left my Father's throne :  
From death to set thee free,  
And claim thee for my own !

To claim thee for my own,  
I suffered on the cross :  
Oh ! were my love but known,  
All else would be as dross !

All else would be as dross !  
And souls, through grace divine,  
Would count their gain but loss-  
To live forever mine !

LYRA CATHOLICA.

"Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious." 1 PETER 2:7.

Jesus, the only thought of Thee,  
With sweetness fills my breast;  
But sweeter far it were to see,  
And on Thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art or music frame;  
No thoughts can reach, no words can say  
The sweets of Thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace,  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
Oh! what when face to face!

Come then, dear Lord, possess my heart,  
Chase thence the shades of night;  
Come pierce it with Thy flaming dart,  
And ever-shining light!

ST. BERNARD.

## 40.

**"Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." Ps. 116 : 7.**

Weary, Lord, of struggling here,  
With this constant doubt and fear,  
Burdened by the pains I bear,  
And the trials I must share,  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the rest that's found in Thee.

Weakened by the wayward will,  
Which controls, yet cheats me still;  
Seeking something undefined  
With an earnest darkened mind,  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the light that breaks from Thee.

Fettered by this earthly scope  
In the reach and aim of hope,  
Fixing thought in narrow bound  
Where no living truth is found:  
Help me, Lord, again to flee  
To the hope that's fixed on Thee.

Fettered, burdened, wearied, weak,  
Lord, once more Thy grace I seek;  
Turn, oh! turn me not away,  
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray,  
That I never more may flee,  
From the rest that's found in Thee.

## 41.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are he-  
laden, and I will give you rest." MATT. 11 : 1

Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of mercy, joined with power.  
He is able,  
He is willing : doubt no more.

Hol' ye needy, come and welcome,  
God's free bounty glorify ;  
True belief, and true repentance,  
Every grace that brings us nigh ;  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Let not conscience make you linger,  
Nor of fitness fondly dream !  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him.  
This He gives you,  
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Lost and ruined by the fall,  
If you tarry till you're better,  
You will never come at all.  
Not the righteous,  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

View Him prostrate in the garden,  
 On the ground your Saviour lies,  
 On the bloody tree behold Him;  
 Hear Him cry before He dies,  
 "It is finished!"  
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of His blood,  
 Venture on Him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

Saints and angels joined in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb;  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with His name—  
 Hallelujah!  
 Sinners here may sing the same.

HART

## 42.

"He is altogether lovely." SOL. SONG 5: 16.

Fairest Lord Jesus!  
 Ruler of all nature!  
 Oh! Thou of God and man the Son!  
 Thee will I cherish,  
 Thee will I honor,  
 Thou' my soul's glory, joy, and crown!

Fair are the meadows,  
 Fairer still the woodlands,  
 Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
 Jesus is fairer,  
 Jesus is purer  
 Who makes the woful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,  
 Fairer still the moonlight,  
 And the twinkling starry host;  
 Jesus shines brighter,  
 Jesus shines purer,  
 Than all the angels heaven can boast.  
 GERMAN CRUSADERS' HYMN.

## 43.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet,  
 and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy  
 Father which is in secret; and thy Father which  
 seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." MATT. 6: 6.

I come to Thee to-night,  
 In my lone closet where no eye can see,  
 And dare to crave an interview with Thee,  
 Father of love and light.

If I this day have striven  
 With Thy blest Spirit, or have bowed the  
     knee  
 To aught of earth in weak idolatry,  
     I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been  
 An unforgiving thought or word or look,  
 Though deep the malice which I scarce could  
     brook,  
     Wash me from this dark sin.

If I have turned away,  
 From grief or suffering which I might relieve,  
 Careless the cup of water e'en to give,  
     Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel  
 My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,  
 And more of mercy and of grace impart,  
     My sinfulness to heal.

And now, O Father! take  
 The heart I cast with humble faith on Thee,  
 And cleanse its depths from each impurity,  
     For my Redeemer's sake.

## 44.

"I am continually with thee." PSALM 78 : 2

O Thou, by long experience tried !  
Near whom no grief can long abide ;  
My Lord, how full of sweet content  
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove  
To souls impressed with sacred love !  
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Th  
In Heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains nor place nor time,  
My country is in every clime ;  
I can be calm and free from care  
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we sh  
The soul finds happiness in none ;  
But with a God to guide our way,  
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,  
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;  
But regions none remote I call,  
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GU

## 45.

**" Having boldness to enter into the holiest, by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near." HEB. 10 : 19-22.**

Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat  
Sprinkled with blood, where Jesus answers  
prayer ;  
There humbly cast thyself beneath His feet,  
For never needy sinner perished there.

Lord, I am come ! Thy promise is my plea,  
Without Thy word I durst not venture  
nigh ;  
But Thou hast called the burdened soul to  
Thee,  
A weary, burdened soul, O Lord ! am I.

Bowed down beneath a heavy load of sin,  
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely prest,  
Beset without, and full of fears within,  
Trembling and faint, I come to Thee for  
rest.

Be Thou my refuge, Lord, my hiding-place ;  
I know no force can tear me from Thy  
side ;  
Unmoved, I then may all accusers face,  
And answer every charge, with—" Jesus  
died."

Yes, Thou didst weep, and bleed, and gro  
 and die,  
 Well hast Thou known what fierce ter  
 tations mean :  
 Such was Thy love ; and now, enthroned  
 high,  
 The same compassions in Thy bosom rei  
  
 Lord, give me faith—He hears—what gr  
 is this !  
 Dry up thy tears, my soul, and cease  
 grieve ;  
 He shows me what He did, and who He  
 I must, I will, I can, I do believe.

NEWT

#### 46.

"Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing w  
 the Lord thy God hath given unto thee." D  
 26:11.

For what shall I praise Thee, my God  
 my King ?  
 For what blessings the tribute of gratit  
 bring ?  
 Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for healt  
 for ease,  
 For the sunshine of youth, for the garden  
 peace ?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that bloomed  
on my breast,  
For joys in prospective, and pleasures pos-  
sessed?  
For the spirits which heightened my days of  
delight,  
And the slumbers that fell on my pillow by  
night?

For this I should praise Thee, but if only for  
this,  
I should leave half untold the donation of  
bliss.  
I thank Thee for sickness and sorrow and  
care,  
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish  
I bear.

For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,  
A present of pain, a prospective of fears.  
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my Lord and my  
God,  
For the good and the evil Thy hand hath  
bestowed.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance  
is flown,  
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and  
gone!

The thorn it was poignant but precious to  
me,  
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to  
Thee!

CAROLINE FRY.

## 47.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners,  
to repentance." LUKE 5:32.

Jesus, the sinner's friend, to Thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee,  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open Thine arms and take me in.

Pity and save my sin-sick soul,  
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;  
Dark till in me Thine image shine,  
And lost I am till Thou art mine.

The mansion for Thyself prepare;  
Dispose my heart by entering there!  
'Tis this alone can make me clean;  
'Tis this alone can cast out sin.

At length I own it can not be,  
That I should fit myself for Thee.  
Here now to Thee I all resign—  
Thine is the work, and only Thine

What shall I say Thy grace to move ?  
 Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love !  
 I part with every plea beside—  
 Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died !

WESLEY.

48.

“ We have not an High Priest which can not be  
 touched with the feeling of our infirmities.” **HEB.**  
 4: 15.

Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
 For human ministry ;  
 It knows not how to tell itself  
 To any but to Thee.

Thou dost remember still amid  
 The glories of God's throne,  
 The sorrows of mortality,  
 For they were once Thine own.

Thy risen life but fits Thee more  
 For kindly sympathy ;  
 Thy love, unhindered, rests upon  
 Each bruised branch in Thee.

Jesus! my fainting spirit brings  
 Its fearfulness to Thee ;  
 Thine eye, at least, can penetrate  
 The clouded mystery.

64

It is enough, my precious Lord,  
Thy tender sympathy !  
My every sin and sorrow can  
Devolve itself on Thee.

Jesus ! Thou hast availed to search  
My deepest malady ;  
It freely flows—more freely finds  
The gracious remedy,

BONAR'S HYMN BOOK.

49.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and  
that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you ?" 1 COR. 3: 16.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !  
The simplest are the best,  
Thy lodging is in child-like heart,  
Thou makest there Thy rest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !  
If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a house for Thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
But Thou, my heavenly guest ?  
Let no one have it then but Thee,  
And let it be Thy rest.

LYRA CATHOLICA.

"Abide in me, and I in you." JOHN 15:4.

**The Soul's Answer.**

That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!  
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;  
Weary of striving and with longing faint,  
I breathe it back again, O Lord! to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee,  
From this good hour, oh! leave me never  
more,  
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be  
healed,  
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love  
Each half-formed purpose and deep thought  
of sin,  
Quench ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,  
And keep my soul as Thine, pure and  
divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—  
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soil  
All heaven's sweetness seems around it  
thrown.

The soul *alone*, like a neglected harp,  
 Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand  
 divine;  
 Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the  
 chords  
 Till every note and string shall answer  
 Thine.

*Abide in me* : there have been moments pure  
 When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy  
 power ;  
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,  
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare :  
 Abide in me—and they shall ever be ;  
 I pray Thee now fulfill my earnest prayer,  
 Come and *abide* in me and I in Thee !  
 H. B. STOWE.

## 51.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out."  
 JOHN 6 : 37.

Just as thou art—without one trace  
 Of love or joy or inward grace,  
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
 O guilty sinner! come.

Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree ;  
 The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
 That peace and pardon might be free—  
     O wretched sinner ! come.

Come, leave thy burden at the cross ;  
 Count all thy gains but empty dross :  
 My grace repays all earthly loss—  
     O needy sinner ! come.

Come hither bring thy boding fears,  
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears ;  
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears ;  
     O trembling sinner ! come.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come ;"  
 Bejoicing saints reëcho, Come :  
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come :  
     Thy Saviour bids thee come.

## 52.

"But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were  
 far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."  
     Eph. 2:18

The wanderer no more will roam,  
 The lost one to the fold hath come ;  
 The prodigal is welcomed home,  
     O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

Though clad in rags, by sin defiled,  
The Father hath embraced His child,  
And I am pardoned, reconciled,  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

It is the Father's joy to bless ;  
His love provides for me a dress—  
A robe of spotless righteousness—  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

Now shall my famished soul be fed ;  
A feast of love for me is spread ;  
I feed upon the children's bread.  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

Yea, in the fullness of His grace,  
He puts me in the children's place,  
Where I may gaze upon His face,  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

I can not half His love express ;  
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess  
This blessed portion I possess,  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

It is *Thy* precious name I bear,  
It is *Thy* spotless robe I wear ;  
*Therefore* the Father's love I share,  
O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

And when I in Thy likeness shine,  
 The glory and the praise be Thine,  
 That everlasting joy is mine,  
 O Lamb of God ! in Thee.

## 53.

"We love Him because He first loved us."  
 JOHN 19.

My God, I love Thee, not because  
 I hope for heaven thereby ;  
 Not because they who love Thee not  
 Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my Jesus ! Thou didst me  
 Upon the cross embrace ;  
 For me didst bear the nails and spear  
 And manifold disgrace.

And griefs and torments numberless.  
 And sweat of agony ;  
 E'en death itself—and all for one  
 Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ !  
 Should I not love Thee well ?  
 Not for the sake of winning heaven  
 Or of escaping hell.

Not with the hope of gaining aught,  
 Not seeking a reward;  
 But as Thyself hast loved me,  
 O ever-loving Lord!

E'en so I love Thee, and will love,  
 And in Thy praise will sing;  
 Solely because Thou art my God,  
 And my eternal King.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

## 54.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt  
 not despise." PSALM 51: 17.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit  
 My humble prayer ascends. O Father!  
 hear it.  
 Borne on the trembling wings of fear and  
 meekness,  
 Forgive its weakness.

I know, I feel how mean and how unworthy  
 The lowly sacrifice I pour before Thee:  
 What can I offer in Thy presence holy,  
 But sin and folly?

For in Thy sight, who every bosom viewest,  
 Cold are our warmest vows, and vain our  
     truest;  
 Thoughts of a hurrying hour, our lips repeat  
     them,  
     Our hearts forget them.

We see Thy hand—it leads us, it supports  
     us—  
 We hear Thy voice—it counsels and it courts  
     us:  
 And then we turn away, and still Thy kind-  
     ness  
     Forgives our blindness.

And still Thy rain descends, Thy sun is  
     glowing,  
 Fruits ripen round, flowers are beneath us  
     blowing,  
 And as if man were some deserving creature,  
     Joy covers nature.

Oh! how long-suffering, Lord! but Thou de-  
     lightest,  
 To win with love the wandering—Thou in-  
     vitest  
 By smiles of mercy, not by frowns and ter-  
     rors,  
     Man from his errors.

can resist Thy gentle call,  
every generous thought and grateful  
feeling?

who can hear the accents of Thy  
mercy,

And never love Thee?

Oh, Father and Saviour! plant within this bosom  
the seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom

in fragrance and in beauty, bright and  
vernal,

And spring eternal.

Oh, place them in those everlasting gardens,  
where

angels walk and seraphs are their  
wardens,

every flower, brought safe through

He will hear me when I pray—  
 He is with me night and day ;  
 When I sleep, and when I wake,  
 For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

He who reigns above the sky  
 Once became as poor as I ;  
 He whose blood for me was shed,  
 Had not where to lay His head.

Though I labor here awhile,  
 Father, bless me with Thy smile ;  
 And, when this short life is past,  
 May I rest with Thee at last.

Then to Thee I'll tune my song,  
 Happy as the day is long ;  
 This my joy forever be,  
 God Almighty cares for me.

BONAR'S HYMN BOOK.

## 56.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation : whom  
 shall I fear ? The Lord is the strength of my life : of  
 whom shall I be afraid ?" PSALM 27 : 1.

My spirit on Thy care  
 Blest Saviour, I recline ;  
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,  
 For Thou art love divine.

74

In Thee I place my trust,  
On Thee I calmly rest ;  
I know Thee good, I know Thoe just,  
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,  
Thy will they all perform ;  
Safe on Thy breast my head I hide,  
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,  
It must be good for me ;  
Secure of having Thee in all,  
Of having all in Thee.

H. F. LYTE.

57.

" Evening and morning and at noon will I pray  
and cry aloud ; and He shall hear my voice." PSALM  
55 : 17.

When wakened by Thy voice of power,  
The hour of morning beams in light,  
My voice shall sing that morning hour,  
And Thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.

The morning strengthens into noon ;  
Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair ;  
And noon and morning shall attune  
My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

75

When 'neath the evening's western gate  
The sun's retiring rays are hid,  
My joy shall be to meditate,  
E'en as the pious patriarch did.

As twilight wears a darker hue,  
And gathering night creation dims,  
The twilight, and the midnight too,  
Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

So shall sweet thoughts and thoughts sublime,  
My constant inspirations be;  
And every shifting scene of time,  
Reflect, my God, a light from Thee.

BOWRING.

58.

"Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." ROMAN 14: 8.

Feeble, helpless, how shall I  
Learn to live and learn to die?  
Who, O God! my guide shall be?  
Who shall lead Thy child to Thee?

Blessed Father, gracious One,  
Thou hast sent Thy holy Son;  
He will give the light I need,  
He my trembling steps will lead.

Thus in deed, and thought, and word  
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,  
 In my weakness, thus shall I  
 Learn to live and learn to die.

Learn to live in peace and love,  
 Like the perfect ones above ;  
 Learn to die without a fear,  
 Feeling Thee, my Father, near.

FURN

## 59.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth  
 for you." 1 PETER 5 : 7.

O Lord! how happy should we be  
 If we could cast our care on Thee,  
     If we from self could rest ;  
 And feel at heart that One above,  
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
     Is working for the best.

Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
     Then rise with lightened cheer ;  
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh,  
 To still the famished ravens' cry  
     Will hear, in that we fear.

We can not trust Him as we should,  
 So chafes fallen nature's restless mood,  
     To cast its peace away;  
 Yet birds and flow'rets round us preach—  
 All, all the present evil teach,  
     Sufficient for the day.

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
 Such lessons learn from birds and flowers,  
     Make them from self to cease;  
 Leave all things to a Father's will,  
 And taste, before Him lying still,  
     E'en in affliction peace.

KEBLE.

## 60.

"Abide with us, for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent." LUKE 24: 29.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;  
 The darkness thickens; Lord, with me  
     abide:  
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 O Thou who changest not! abide with me!

at a brief glance I beg, a passing word,  
but as Thou dwelt'st with Thy disciple  
Lord,  
familiar, condescending, patient, free,  
Come, not to sojourn, but to abide with me

Come not in terrors as the King of kings;  
But kind and good, with healing in Thy  
wings,  
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,  
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus bide with  
me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst sit  
And though rebellious and perverse for  
while,  
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee  
On to the close, O Lord! abide with me

presence every passing hour

Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing  
eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to  
the skies !  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee !  
In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me !  
H. F. LYTE.

61.

" I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His  
word do I hope. My soul waiteth for the Lord more  
than they that watch for the morning." Ps. 130 : 5, 6.

My Saviour, on the Word of Truth  
In earnest hope I live,  
I ask for all the precious things  
Thy boundless love can give.  
I look for many a lesser light  
About my path to shine ;  
But chiefly long to walk with Thee,  
And only trust in Thine.

Thou knowest that I am not blest  
 As Thou would'st have me be,  
 Till all the peace and joy of faith  
 Possess my soul in Thee ;  
 And still I seek 'mid many fears,  
 With yearnings unexpressed,  
 The comfort of Thy strengthening love,  
 Thy soothing, settling rest.

It is not as Thou wilt with me  
 Till, humbled in the dust,  
 I know no place in all my heart  
 Wherein to put my trust.  
 Until I find, O Lord! in Thee—  
 The lowly and the meek—  
 That fullness which Thy own redeemed  
 Go nowhere else to seek.

Then, O my Saviour! on my soul,  
 Cast down but not dismayed,  
 Still be Thy chastening healing hand  
 In tender mercy laid :  
 And while I wait for all Thy joys  
 My yearning heart to fill,  
 Teach me to walk and work with Thee,  
 And at Thy feet sit still.

A. L. WARING.

## 62.

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." PSALM 73 : 25.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night  
 When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers  
     flee,  
 Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,  
     O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast,  
 Some vague impression of the day foregone,  
 Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee,  
     And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes  
 In token of anticipated ill—  
 My bosom takes no heed of what it is,  
     Since 'tis Thy will.

For oh! in spite of past and present care,  
 Or any thing beside, how joyfully  
 Passes that silent solitary hour,  
     My God, with Thee!

More tranquil than the silence of the night,  
 More peaceful than the silence of that hour,  
 More blest than any thing, my spirit lies  
     Within Thy power.

82

For what is there on earth that I desire,  
Of all that it can give or take from me ?  
Or whom in Heaven doth my spirit seek  
O God ! but Thee ?

63.

"Let Israel hope in the Lord : for with the Lord  
there is mercy, and in Him is plenteous redemption."  
PSALM 130 : 7.

While dead in trespasses I lie  
Thy quickening Spirit give ;  
Call me, Thou Son of God, that I  
May hear Thy voice and live.

I know in Thee all fullness dwells,  
And all for wretched man :  
Fill every want my spirit feels,  
And break off every chain !

If Thou impart Thyself to me,  
No other good I need :  
If Thou the Son shalt make me free  
I shall be free indeed.

I can not rest till in Thy blood  
I full redemption have :  
But Thou through whom I come to God  
Canst to the utmost save.

From sin, the guilt, the power, the pain  
 Thou wilt redeem my soul :  
 Lord I believe, and not in vain ;  
 My faith shall make me whole.

I too with Thee shall walk in white ;  
 With all Thy saints shall prove  
 What is the length and breadth and  
 height  
 And depth of perfect love.

WESLEY.

## 64.

“ Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which  
 hath great recompense of reward.” HEB. 10 : 35.

Lord, I believe ; Thy power I own,  
 Thy truth I would obey ;  
 I wander comfortless and lone  
 When from Thy paths I stray.

Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears,  
 Sometimes bedim my sight !  
 I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
 And cry for strength and light.

Lord, I believe ; but Thou dost know  
 My faith is cold and weak :  
 Pity my frailty, and bestow  
 The confidence I seek.

Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief;  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow—  
Help Thou mine unbelief.

WRENFORD.

65.

"In whom we have redemption through His blood,  
the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of  
His grace." EPH. 1: 7.

Gracious Jesus, Lord most dear,  
Guilty though I am, give ear:  
Show Thine own sweet clemency;  
Spurn me not, though vile I be,  
From Thy blessed feet away.

Here before Thee, fallen, weeping,  
And with tears these torn feet steeping,  
Jesus, for Thy mercy's sake,  
Pity on my misery take,  
And one kind look let fall.

From the cross uplifted high,  
My Beloved, cast Thine eye;  
Turn me to Thee, heart and soul;  
Speak the word of power: "Be whole,  
I have forgiven thee all."

ST. BERNARD.

## 66.

"Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief."  
MARK 9: 24.

Yes! I do feel, my God, that I am Thine!  
 Thou art my joy—myself, mine only  
 grief;

Hear my complaint, low bending at Thy  
 shrine—

Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!

Unworthy even to approach so near,

My soul lies trembling like a summer's  
 leaf;

Yet oh! forgive! I doubt not, though I fear—

Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!

True I am weak, ah! very weak—but then

I know the source whence I can draw relief;

And though repulsed, I still can plead  
 again—

Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief.

Oh! draw me nearer! for too far away,

The beamings of Thy brightness are too  
 brief;

While Faith, though fainting, still hath  
 strength to say:

Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief!

J. S. MONSELL.

**"The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance."  
PSALM 16: 5.**

Though some good things of lower worth,  
My heart is called on to resign,  
Of all the gifts in heaven and earth  
The best, the very best is mine :  
The love of God in Christ made known—  
The love that is enough alone,  
My Father's love is all my own.

My soul's Restorer, let me learn  
In that deep love to live and rest ;  
Let me the precious thing discern  
Of which I am indeed possessed :  
My treasure let me feel and see,  
And let my moments, as they flee,  
Unfold my endless life in Thee.

Let me Thy power, Thy beauty see—  
So shall my vain aspirings cease,  
And my free heart shall follow Thee  
Through paths of everlasting peace.  
My strength Thy gift—my life Thy care,  
I shall forget to seek elsewhere  
The joy to which my soul is heir.

87

I was not called to walk alone,  
 To clothe *myself* with love and light;  
 And for Thy glory, not my own  
 My soul is precious in Thy sight.  
 My evil heart can never be  
 A home, a heritage for me—  
 But Thou canst make it fit for Thee.

A. L. WARING.

68.

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep: for  
 Thou Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety." PSALM  
 4: 8.

God, that mad'st the earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light,  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 And for rest the night,  
 May Thine angel guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us  
 This live-long night!

HPHRR.

## 69.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits : who forgiveth all thine iniquities ; who healeth all thy diseases ; who redeemeth thy life from destruction ; who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies." PSALM 103 : 2-4.

Oh ! bless the Lord, my soul !  
His grace to thee proclaim :  
And all that is within me join  
To bless His holy name.

Oh ! bless the Lord, my soul !  
His mercies bear in mind ;  
Forget not all His benefits :  
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide ;  
He will with patience wait ;  
His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,  
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;  
He healeth thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless His holy name,  
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;  
Whose lovingkindness crowns thy days ;  
Oh ! bless the Lord my soul !

MONTGOMERY.

## 70.

"We would see Jesus." JOHN 12 : 21.

"We would see Jesus"—for the shadows  
lengthen

Across this little landscape of our life;  
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to  
strengthen

For the last weariness—the final strife.

We would see Jesus—for life's hand hath  
rested

With its dark touch upon both heart and  
brow;

And though our souls have many a billow  
breasted,

Others are rising in the distance now.

We would see Jesus—the great rock founda-  
tion

Whereon our feet were set by sovereign  
grace:

Not life nor death, with all their agitation,

Can thence remove us if we see His face.

We would see Jesus—other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to  
see:

The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing—

We would not mourn them, for we go to  
Thee!

We would see Jesus—yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects we have loved so  
long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclothe its  
fingers—  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less  
strong.

We would see Jesus—sense is all too blind-  
ing,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away.  
We would see Thee to gain a sweet remind-  
ing  
That Thou hast promised our great debt to  
pay.

We would see Jesus—this is all we're need-  
ing—  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with  
the sight.  
We would see Jesus—dying, risen, plead-  
ing:  
Then welcome day! and farewell mortal  
night!

"And so shall we be forever with the Lord."  
1 THESS. 4:7.

Forever with the Lord! Oh! can it be  
That this bright promise is for child of  
earth?  
That for the sons of frail mortality  
Is given this heritage of priceless worth?

Forever with the Lord! Then to thy heart,  
Believer, take this star of hope to cheer,  
And guide thy steps, whene'er in life thy  
part  
Is dark with woes, and all around is drear.

Forever with the Lord! Let this sure word  
Be a glad note to quicken into life  
Those dead in sin, whose spirits have not  
heard  
Their Saviour's call to join the Christian  
strife.

Forever with the Lord! Soon shall the light  
Of the eternal day in splendor dawn;  
Then let us cast away the works of night,  
And take God's armor ere that night be  
gone.

92

Forever with the Lord ! Then at the last  
We which remain shall meet Him in the  
air ;  
The care, the grief, the joy of earth all past—  
With His redeemed the bliss of heaven to  
share.

Forever with the Lord ! Ages shall roll  
Onward with ceaseless flow, yet still with  
Him  
We shall abide—blest portion of the soul !  
Equal to that of brightest seraphim !

72.

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."  
PSALM 23 : 6.

My Father's home ! my childhood's dream,  
The promise from on high !  
Long waited for ! its glories beam  
Now when my death is nigh.

Blest scene ! thrice welcome after toil—  
If no deceit I view ;  
Oh ! might my lips but press the soil  
And prove the vision true !

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,  
 Its many tinted groves,  
 They call! but He my steps restrains  
 Who chastens whom He loves.

LYRA APOSTOLICA. .

## 73.

"Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first  
 resurrection." Rev. 20 : 8.

My life is a shade, my days  
 Apace to death decline—  
 My Lord is life—He'll raise  
 My flesh again, even mine.  
 Sweet truth to me,  
 I shall arise,  
 And with these eyes  
 My Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep  
 My bones till that sweet day,  
 I wake from my long sleep,  
 And leave my bed of clay.  
 Sweet truth to me, etc.

My Lord His angels shall  
 Their golden trumpets sound,  
 At whose most welcome call  
 My grave shall be unbound.  
 Sweet truth to me, etc.

94

What means my beating heart,  
To be thus shy of death ?  
My life and I shan't part,  
When I resign my breath.  
Sweet truth to me, etc.

I said sometimes with tears,  
Ah! me! I'm loath to die ;  
Lord, banish Thou these fears,  
My life's with Thee on high,  
Sweet truth to me, etc.

Then welcome, harmless grave,  
By Thee to heaven I'll go ;  
My Lord His death shall save  
Me from the flames below.  
Sweet truth to me, etc.

74.

"We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." 2 Cor. 5 : 8.

Father, I long, I faint to see  
The place of Thine abode ;  
I'd leave Thine earthly courts, and flee  
Up to Thy seat, my God.

Here I behold Thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight;  
But to abide in Thine embrace,  
Were infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense,  
To gaze upon Thy throne;  
Pleasure springs fresh forever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.

There at Thy feet with awful fear,  
The adoring armies fall;  
With joy they shrink to nothing there,  
Before the eternal All.

The more Thy glories strike my eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie;  
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

Father, I long, I faint to see  
The place of Thine abode;  
I'd leave Thine earthly courts to be  
Forever with my God.

WATTS

## 75.

"The time of my departure is at hand." 2 Tim  
4:8.

What is this that steals upon my frame?  
Is it death, is it death?  
That soon will quench this vital frame—  
Is it death, is it death?  
If this be death, I soon shall be  
From every pain and sorrow free.  
I shall the King of glory see—  
All is well, all is well!

Weep not my friends, weep not for me,  
All is well, all is well!  
My sins are pardoned; I am free,—  
All is well, all is well!  
Bright seraphs are from glory come—  
They're round my bed, they're in my room,  
They wait to waft my spirit home,  
All is well, all is well!

Tune, tune your harps, ye saints in glory,  
All is well, all is well,  
I will rehearse the joyful story,  
All is well, all is well.  
There's not a cloud that doth arise,  
To hide my Saviour from my eyes:  
I soon shall mount the upper skies,  
All is well, all is well.

Hark, hark! my Lord and Master calls me  
 All is well, all is well!  
 I soon shall see His face in glory,  
 All is well, all is well.  
 All, all is peace and joy divine,  
 And heaven and glory now are mine!  
 All Hallelujah to the Lamb!  
 All is well, all is well.

Hail! all hail, ye blood-washed throng!  
 Saved by grace—saved by grace!  
 I come to join your rapturous song;  
 Saved by grace—saved by grace.  
 Adieu, my friends, adieu, adieu!  
 I can no longer stay with you—  
 My glittering crown appears in view,  
 All is well, all is well.

76.

\* For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain  
 PHIL. 1 : 21.

- No, no, it is not dying  
 To go unto our God;  
 The glowing earth forsaking,  
 Our journey homeward taking  
 Along the starry road.

No, no it is not dying  
 Heaven's citizen to be;  
     The crown eternal wearing,  
     And rest unbroken sharing,  
 From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying  
 To hear the precious word;  
     Receive a Father's blessing  
     Forevermore possessing  
 The favor of the Lord.

No, no, it is not dying  
 To wear a lordly crown;  
     Among God's people dwelling;  
     The glorious anthem swelling  
 Of Him whose love we own.

Oh! no, this is not dying,  
 Thou Saviour of mankind!  
     Streams there are overflowing  
     Of love, no hindrance knowing:  
 Drops only here we find.

FROM THE GERMAN



**SPIRITUAL SONGS**

---

COLOSSIANS III. 16.

---

*Being One Hundred Hymns*

NOT TO BE FOUND IN THE HYMN BOOKS  
COMMONLY USED.

SELECTED BY THE  
REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.,  
RECTOR OF HELMINGHAM, SUFFOLK.

NEW AMERICAN, FROM THE ENLARGED ENGLISH  
EDITION.

NEW-YORK:  
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, 770 BROADWAY,  
CORNER OF NINTH STREET.

1866.



Sing ye praises with understanding  
(Psalm xlvii. 7.)

---

# SPIRITUAL SONGS.

---

1.                    *Coloss. i. 19.*                    7, 6

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,  
    The spotless Lamb of God;  
He bears them all, and frees us  
    From the accursed load.  
I bring my guilt to Jesus,  
    To wash my crimson stains  
White, in his blood most precious,  
    Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
    All fullness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
    He doth my soul redeem.  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
    My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
    He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
 This weary soul of mine;  
 His right hand me embraces,  
 I on His breast recline.  
 I love the name of Jesus,  
 Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
 Like fragrance on the breezes  
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
 I long to be like Jesus,  
 The Father's holy child.  
 I long to be with Jesus,  
 Amid the heavenly throng,  
 To sing with saints His praises,  
 To learn the angels' song.

H. BONAR.

3.

*Matt. vi. 12.*

7'a

1 When this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
*Not till then—how much I owe.*

- 2 When I hear the wicked call  
On the rocks and hills to fall ;  
When I see them start and shrink  
On the fiery deluge brink,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 3 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love thee with unsinning heart,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.
- 5 Chosen not for good in me,  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified ;  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.

- 6 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;  
 But when fear is at the height,  
 Jesus comes, and all is light.  
 Blessed Jesus! bid me show  
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

R. M. M'CHEYNE.

3.                      1 *Peter* v. 7.                      C.M.

- 1 Lord, it belongs not to my care,  
     Whether I die or live;  
 To love and serve Thee is my share,  
     And this Thy grace must give.
- 2 If life be long, I will be glad,  
     That I may long obey;  
 If short, yet why should I be sad  
     To soar to endless day?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
     Than He went through before;  
*He that unto God's kingdom comes,*  
     *Must enter by His door.*

4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me  
 Thy blessed face to see; [meet,  
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,  
 What will thy glory be?

5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
 And weary sinful days,  
 And join with the triumphant saints  
 That sing Jehovah's praise.

6 My knowledge of that life is small,  
 The eye of faith is dim;  
 But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
 And I shall be with Him.

R. BAXTER.

4.\*                      *John vi. 37.*                      P.M.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come!

\* The metre of this most beautiful hymn is one with which few are acquainted. It may, however, be sung to a long-measure tune, by repeating the words, "I come," in the fourth line of each verse. It will be found arranged for music in Mr. Lowell Mason's work, *The Hallelujah*.

- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
With fears within and wars without,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, thine alone—  
O Lamb of God, I come!

**5.**                    *Isaiah xxvi. 4.*                    **S.M**

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears,  
    Hope, and be undismayed;  
    God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
    God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
    He gently clears the way:  
    Wait thou His time; so shall this night  
    Soon end in joyous day.
- 3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
    Still sink thy spirits down?  
    Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
    And every care be gone.
- 4 What though thou rulest not?  
    Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
    Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,  
    And ruleth all things well.
- 5 Leave to His sovereign sway.  
    To choose and to command;  
    So shalt thou, wondering, own His way  
    How wise, how good His hand!

6 Far, far above thy thought,  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully He the work hath wrought,  
That caused thy needless fear.

6. *Psalm xxxi. 15.* S.M

1 Our times are in Thy hand,  
O God, we wish them there;  
Our life, our friends, our souls we leave  
Entirely to Thy care.

2 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be,  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.

3 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
A Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.

4 Our times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus the crucified;  
The hand our many sins have pierced,  
Is now our guard and guide.

- 5 Our times are in Thy hand,  
     We'll always trust in Thee,  
 Till we have left this weary land,  
     And all Thy glory see.

7. *Heb. xii. 2.* 7'a

- 1 When along life's thorny road,  
 Faints the soul beneath the load,  
 By its cares and sins opprest,  
 Finds on earth no peace or rest :  
 When the wily tempter's near,  
 Filling us with doubts and fear,  
 Jesus, to Thy feet we flee,  
 Jesus, we will look to Thee.
- 2 Thou, our Saviour, from the throne,  
 List'nest to Thy people's moan ;  
 Thou, the living Head, dost share  
 Every pang thy members bear.  
 Full of tenderness Thou art ;  
 Thou wilt heal the broken heart ;  
 Full of power, Thine arm shall quell  
 All the rage and might of hell !
- 3 By Thy tears o'er Lazarus shed,  
 By Thy power to raise the dead,  
 By Thy meekness under scorn,  
 By Thy stripes and crown of thorn.

By that rich and precious blood,  
That hath made our peace with God  
Jesus, to Thy feet we flee;  
Jesus, we will cling to Thee.

- 4 Mighty to redeem and save,  
Thou hast overcome the grave;  
Thou the bars of death hast riven,  
Opened wide the gates of heaven;  
Soon in glory Thou shalt come,  
Taking Thy poor pilgrims home;  
Jesus, then we all shall be,  
Ever—ever—Lord, with Thee.

8.                      1 *Thess.* iv. 17.                      S.M

- 1 For ever with the Lord!  
    Amen, so let it be:  
    Life from the dead is in that word,  
    'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
    Absent from Him I roam,  
    Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
    A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
    Home of my soul, how near  
    At times to Faith's illumined eye  
    Thy golden gates appear!

- 4 My thirsty spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.
- 5 Yet clouds will intervene,  
 And all my prospect flies;  
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between  
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 6 Anon the clouds depart,  
 The winds and waters cease,  
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart  
 Expands the bow of peace.

9. *Rom. viii. 1.* C.M.

- 1 No condemnation! O my soul,  
 'Tis God that speaks the word;  
 Perfect in comeliness art thou,  
 In Christ thy glorious Lord.
- 2 In heaven His blood for ever speaks,  
 In God the Father's ear;  
 His church, the jewels, on his heart,  
 Jesus will ever bear.

- 3 No condemnation! precious word!  
 Consider it, my soul;  
 Thy sins were all on Jesus laid;  
 His stripes have made thee whole.
- 4 Teach us, O God, to fix our eyes  
 On Christ, the spotless Lamb,  
 So shall we love Thy gracious will,  
 And glorify Thy name

10.                    2 Cor. v. 14, 15.                    7, 8

- 1 O Lord, who now art seated  
 Above the heavens on high,  
 (The gracious work completed,  
 For which Thou cam'st to die,)  
 To Thee our hearts are lifted,  
 While pilgrims wandering here,  
 For Thou alone art gifted,  
 Our every weight to bear.
- 2 We know that Thou hast bought us,  
 And washed us in Thy blood;  
 We know Thy grace has brought us,  
 As kings and priests to God.  
 We know that soon the morning,  
 Long looked for, hasteth near,  
 When we, at Thy returning,  
 In glory shall appear.

- 3 O Lord, Thy love's unbounded !  
 So full, so sweet, so free !  
 Our thoughts are all confounded,  
 Whene'er we think on Thee :  
 For us Thou cam'st from heaven,  
 For us to bleed and die ;  
 That purchased and forgiven,  
 We might ascend on high.
- 4 Oh ! let this love constrain us  
 To give our hearts to Thee ;  
 Let nothing henceforth pain us,  
 But that which paineth Thee.  
 Our joy, our one endeavor,  
 Through suffering, conflict, shame—  
 To serve Thee, gracious Saviour,  
 And magnify Thy name.

11. *Isaiah iii. 10.* S.M

- 1 What cheering words are these ;  
 Their sweetness who can tell ?  
 In time and to eternal days,  
 "'Tis with the righteous well."
- 2 In every state secure,  
 Kept as Jehovah's eye,  
 'Tis well with them while life endures,  
 And well when called to die.

- 3 Well when they see His face,  
Or sink amidst the flood;  
Well in affliction's thorny maze,  
Or on the mount with God.
- 4 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow,  
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations grow.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,  
"From earth and sin arise,  
To join the hosts of ransomed souls,  
Made to salvation wise."

12. *Math. xiv. 28, 29.* F V

- 1 He bids us come; His voice we know  
And boldly on the waters go,  
To Him our Lord and God;  
We walk on life's tempestuous sea,  
For He who died to set us free,  
Hath called us by His word.
- 2 Secure from troubled waves we tread,  
*Nor all the storms around us heed,*  
*While to our Lord we look;*

O'er every fierce temptation bound,  
The billows yield a solid ground,  
The wave is firm as rock.

3 But if from Him we turn our eye,  
And see the raging floods run high,  
And feel our fears within ;  
Our foes so strong, our flesh so frail,  
Reason and unbelief prevail,  
And sink us into sin.

4 Lord, we our belief confess,  
Our little spark of faith increase,  
That we may doubt no more ;  
But fix on Thee our steady eye,  
And on Thine outstretched arm rely,  
Till all the storm is o'er.

13. *Galat. vi. 9.* 7's

1 Faint not, Christian! though the road  
Leading to thy blest abode,  
Darksome be, and dangerous too—  
Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage,  
Satan would thy soul engage;  
Gird on faith's anointed shield,  
Bear it to the battle-field.

- 3 Faint not, Christian ! though the world,  
Has its hostile flag unfurled ;  
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,  
Thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 Faint not, Christian ! though within,  
There's a heart so prone to sin ;  
Christ the Lord is over all,  
He'll not suffer thee to fall.
- 5 Faint not, Christian ! though thy God  
Smite thee with His chastening rod ;  
Smite He must, with father's care,  
That He may His love declare.
- 6 Faint not, Christian ! Jesus' near,  
Soon in glory He'll appear ;  
And His love will then bestow  
Power over every foe.
- 7 Faint not, Christian ! look on high,  
See the harpers in the sky ;  
Patient wait, and thou wilt join—  
Chant with them of love divine.

14. *Prov. xviii. 10.* L.M.

- 1 Rejoice ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of redeeming grace;  
Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
Mocks at the angry tempest's power.
- 2 His love's a refuge ever nigh,  
His watchfulness as mountains high,  
His name's a rock, which winds above,  
And waves below, can never move.
- 3 While all things change, He changes not,  
He ne'er forgets, though oft forgot;  
His love's unchangeably the same,  
And as enduring as His name.
- 4 Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice and praise  
The blessings of this wondrous grace;  
Jesus, your everlasting tower,  
Can bear unmoved the tempest's power.

15. *John xiv. 1, 2.* P.M.

- 1 Away with our sorrow and fear!  
We soon shall have entered our home;  
The city of saints shall appear,  
The day of eternity come.

From earth we shall quickly remove,  
 To dwell in a native abode,  
 In mansions of glory above,  
 Prepared of our Father and God.

2 Ah! who upon earth can conceive  
 The bliss that in heaven they'll share,  
 And who this dark world would not leave  
 And cheerfully seek to be there,  
 Where Christ is the light and the sun,  
 And we by reflection shall shine,  
 With Him everlastingly one,  
 And bright in effulgence divine.

3 'Tis good at Thy word to be here,  
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone,  
 And see Thee in glory appear,  
 And rise to a share in Thy throne.  
 All tears will be wiped from our eyes,  
 When Thee we behold in the cloud,  
 And echo the joys of the skies,  
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

16.

1 Cor. xv. 10.

CM

1 All that I *was*, my sin, my guilt,  
 My death, was all my own;  
 All that I *am*, I owe to Thee,  
 My gracious God alone.

- 2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine ;  
The good in which I now rejoice  
Is Thine, and only Thine.
- 3 The darkness of my former state,  
The bondage, all was mine ;  
The light of life in which I walk,  
The liberty is Thine.
- 4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,  
And taught me to believe ;  
Then in believing, peace I found,  
And now I live, I live.
- 5 All that I am e'en here on earth,  
All that I hope to be,  
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord, to Thee.

H. BONAR.

17.                      1 Peter ii. 7.                      C.M

- 1 We'll sing of Christ, no matter who  
Should disapprove the theme :  
When He is precious to our view,  
We can't but sing of Him.

- 2 And He is precious in the sight  
Of all who know His voice:  
'Twas He who brought them to the light,  
And taught them to rejoice.
- 3 'Tis He who cheers them by His smile,  
And guards them by His power;  
Who keeps them safe from force and guile,  
In every trying hour.
- 4 'Tis He who will conduct them home,  
Beyond the reach of ill:  
Where all the ransomed people come,  
Where saints for ever dwell.
- 5 Then let His people make their boast  
Of Him and Him alone,  
Who came from heaven to save the lost;  
The praise be His alone.

18.

*Exodus xiv. 15.*

T'a

- 1 When we cannot see our way,  
Let us trust, and still obey;  
*He* who bids us forward go,  
Cannot fail the way to show.

- 2 Though the sea be deep and wide,  
Though a passage seem denied;  
Fearless let us still proceed,  
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.
- 3 Though it seems the gloom of night,  
Though we see no ray of light;  
Since the Lord Himself is there,  
'Tis not meet that we should fear.
- 4 Night with Him is never night,  
Where He is, there all is light;  
When He calls us, why delay?  
They are happy who obey.
- 5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,  
Him to follow without fear!  
Where He calls us, there to go,  
What He bids us, that to do.

19.

*Heb. x. 37.*

L M

- 1 "A little while," our Lord shall come,  
And we shall wander here no more;  
He'll take us to our Father's home,  
Where He for us has gone before.

- 2 "A little while," He'll come again;  
 Let us the precious hours redeem;  
 Our only grief to give Him pain,  
 Our joy to serve and follow Him.
- 3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past;  
 Why should we shun the promised cross?  
 Oh! let us in His footsteps haste,  
 Counting for Him all else but loss.
- 4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come;  
 For Thee Thy bride has tarried long;  
 Take Thy poor wearied pilgrims home,  
 To sing the new eternal song.

20.

*Math. xviii. 20.*

8, 7, 4.

- 1 In Thy name, O Lord, assembling,  
 We, Thy people, now draw near;  
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling;  
 Speak and let Thy servants hear,  
 Hear with meekness.  
 Hear Thy word with godly fear.
- 2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee,  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be;  
 'Till Thy glory,  
 Without clouds in heaven we see

- 8 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,  
 Thee Thy people shall adore,  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Far than thought conceived before.  
 Full enjoyment,  
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

21.                      2 *Peter* iii. 12.                      P.M

- 1 Oh! haste away, my brethren dear,  
 And come to Canaan's shore;  
 We'll meet and sing for ever there,  
 When all our toils are o'er.

Oh! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful,  
 Oh! that will be joyful,  
 To meet to part no more,  
 To meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's happy shore;  
 And there sing hallelujah  
 With the friends that have gone before.

- 2 How sweet to hear the hallowed theme  
 That saints shall ever sing;  
 To hear their voices all proclaim  
 "Salvation to the King."

Oh! that will be, etc.

3 Around His throne, all clothed in white,  
Will all His saints appear;  
And, shining in His glory bright,  
Will see our Saviour there.

Oh! that will be, etc.

4 Through heaven the shouts of angels ring  
When sons to God are born:  
Oh! what a company will sing  
On the millennial morn.

Oh! that will be, etc.

5 Through one eternal day we'll sing,  
And bless His sacred name,  
With hallelujah to the King,  
And 'Worthy is the Lamb.'

Oh! that will be, etc.

22.

*Rom. xxii. 20.*

P.M.

1 The church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits—  
A friendless stranger she.

Age after age has gone,  
 Sun after sun has set,  
 And still in weeds of widowhood  
 She weeps, a mourner yet.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 2 Saint after saint on earth,  
 Has lived, and loved, and died;  
 And as they left us, one by one,  
 We laid them side by side:  
 We laid them down to sleep,  
 But not in hope forlorn;  
 We laid them but to ripen there  
 Till the last glorious morn.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 3 The serpent's brood increase,  
 The powers of hell grow bold,  
 The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
 And love is waxing cold.  
 How long, O Lord our God,  
 Holy, and true, and good,  
 Wilt thou not judge Thy suffering church,  
 Her sighs, and tears, and blood?

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 4 We long to hear Thy voice,  
 To see Thee face to face,  
 To share Thy crown and glory then,  
 As now we share Thy grace.  
 Should not the loving bride  
 The absent bridegroom mourn?  
 Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
 Until her Lord return?

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

- 5 The whole creation groans,  
 And waits to hear that voice  
 That shall restore her comeliness,  
 And make her wastes rejoice.  
 Come, Lord, and wipe away  
 The curse, the sin, the stain,  
 And make this blighted world of ours  
 Thine own fair world again.

Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

H. PONAR.

23.

*Cant.* viii. 5.

P.M.

- 1 O holy Saviour! Friend unseen!  
 Since on thy arm thou bid'st us lean,  
 Help us throughout life's changing scene  
 By faith to cling to Thee.

- 2 Blest with this fellowship divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, we'll not repine  
For, as the branches to the vine,  
We only cling to Thee.
- 3 Though far from home, fatigued, opprest,  
Here we have found a place of rest;  
As exiles still, yet not unblest,  
Because we cling to Thee.
- 4 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and hopes remove.  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still can we cling to Thee.
- 5 Though oft we seem to tread alone  
Life's dreary waste with thorns o'ergrown,  
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, "Still cling to Me!"
- 6 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
We ask not, need not, aught beside,  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied  
The souls that cling to Thee.

7 They fear not Satan, nor the grave,  
 They know Thee near, and strong to save  
 With Thee all danger they can brave,  
 Because thy cling to Thee.

8 Blest is our lot, whate'er befall;  
 Who can affright, or who appal;  
 Since as our strength, our Rock, our all,  
 Jesus, we cling to Thee?

24.

*Galat. vi. 14.*

C.M

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue;  
 What are its charms to me?  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But grace has set me free.

2 Its pleasures now no longer please,  
 No more content afford;  
 Far from my heart be joys like these,  
 Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day  
 The stars are all concealed,  
 So earthly pleasures fade away  
 When Jesus is revealed.

- 4 Creatures no more divide my choice,  
 I bid you all depart;  
 His name, and love, and gracious word,  
 Have fixed my roving heart.

25.

*Galat. iii. 13.*

C.M

- 1 Blessed be God, for ever blest,  
 And glorious be His name!  
 His Son He gave, our souls to save  
 From everlasting shame.
- 2 Had I worn sackcloth, and in dust  
 Cast myself humbly down,  
 Covered my miserable head  
 With ashes for a crown,
- 3 This could not save me from the curse,  
 Nor end the endless pain,  
 Nor quench the fire, nor ease the heart,  
 Nor wipe away one stain.
- 4 Th' Eternal Life His life laid down,  
 Such was the wondrous plan,  
 And God, the blessed God, was made  
 A curse for cursed man.

5 Our flesh He took, our sins He bore,  
Himself for us He gave;  
His woes were ours, and we with Him  
Were buried in one grave.

6 With Him we rose, with Him we live  
With Him we sit above,  
With Him for ever we shall share  
The Father's boundless love.

7 Bless, then, Jehovah's blessed name,  
And bless our blessed King;  
And songs of glad deliverance  
For ever, ever sing!

26.                      *Matt. xi. 28.*                      Double C.M

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 Behold, I freely give  
 The living water ; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink and live.  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream ;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 I am this dark world's light,  
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright.  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk,  
 Till travelling days are done.

H. BOXER.

27.

*Ephes. v. 30.*

C.M.

1 Lord Jesus, are we one with Thee ?  
 Oh ! height, oh ! depth of love !  
 With Thee we died upon the tree,  
 In Thee we live above.

2 Such was Thy grace that for our sake  
 Thou didst from heaven come down,  
 Our mortal flesh and blood partake,  
 In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
 Were borne on earth by Thee;  
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were Thine,  
 To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now in glory bright,  
 Still one with us Thou art;  
 Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height  
 Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day  
 When, seated on Thy throne,  
 Thou shalt to wond'ring worlds display  
 That Thou with us art one.

28.

*Prov. xiv. 32.*

7 6.

1 Ah! I shall soon be dying,  
 Time swiftly glides away;  
 But, on my Lord relying,  
 I hail the happy day;  
 The day when I shall enter  
 Upon a world unknown.  
 My helpless soul I venture  
 On Jesus Christ alone.

2 He once, a spotless victim,  
 Upon Mount Calvary bled;  
 Jehovah did afflict Him  
 And bruise Him in my stead:  
 Hence all my hope arises,  
 Unworthy as I am:  
 My soul most surely prizes  
 The sin-atoning Lamb.

3 Soon, with the saints in glory,  
 The grateful song I'll raise,  
 And chant my blissful story  
 In high seraphic lays.  
 Free grace, redeeming merit,  
 And sanctifying love  
 Of Father, Son, and Spirit,  
 I'll sing in realms above.

29.

*Philip. i. 21.*

P.M.

1 Rejoice for a brother deceased,  
 Our loss is his infinite gain;  
 A soul out of prison released,  
 And freed from its bodily chain.  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above,  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 Our brother the haven hath gained,  
 Out-flying the tempest and wind;  
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,  
 And left his companions behind,  
 Still tossed on a sea of distress,  
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,  
 Where all is assurance and peace,  
 And sorrow and sin are no more.

3 There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath,  
 With shouting each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er trouble and death.  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past;  
 The age that in heaven they spend  
 For ever and over shall last.

C. WESLEY.

30.

*Rev. xiv. 13.*

P.M.

1 How blest is our sister, bereft  
 Of all that could burden her mind!  
 How easy the soul that has left  
 This wearisome body behind;  
 Of evil incapable thou  
 Whose relics with envy I see;  
 No longer in misery now,  
 No longer a sinner like me.

- 3 This earth is affected no more  
 With sickness, or shaken with pain :  
 The war in the members is o'er,  
 And never shall vex her again.  
 No anger henceforward, or shame,  
 Shall redden this innocent clay ;  
 Extinct is the animal flame,  
 And passion is vanquished away.
- 4 This languishing head is at rest,  
 Its thinking and aching are o'er ;  
 This quiet, immovable breast  
 Is heaved by affliction no more ;  
 This heart is no longer the seat  
 Of trouble and torturing pain ;  
 It ceases to flutter and beat,  
 It never shall flutter again.
- 4 The lids she so seldom could close,  
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,  
 Sealed up in their mortal repose,  
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :  
 The fountains can yield no supplies,  
 These hollows from water are free ;  
 The tears are all wiped from these eyes,  
 And evil they never shall see.

C. WESLEY.

31.

*Rom. viii. 31.*

7, 6.

- 1 Is God for me? what is it  
That man can do to me?  
Oft as my God I visit,  
All woes give way and flee.  
If God be my salvation,  
My refuge in distress,  
What earthly tribulation  
Can shake my steadfast peace?
  
- 2 The ground of my profession  
Is Jesus and His blood;  
He gives me the possession  
Of everlasting good.  
In me, and in my doing,  
Is nothing on this earth;  
What Jesus is bestowing  
Alone is truly worth.
  
- 3 For me there is provided  
A city fair and new;  
To it I shall be guided—  
Jerusalem the true!  
My portion there is lying,  
A destined Canaan—lot;  
Though I am daily dying,  
My Canaan withers not.

- 4 My heart within me lies  
 And cannot down be  
 In sunshine bright it keeps  
 A never-ending feast  
 The sun which, smiling,  
 Is Jesus Christ alone  
 And what to sing invites  
 Is heaven on earth below

32.                      2 *Kings* iv.

- 1 Through the love of God  
 All will be well;  
 Free and changeless is  
 All, all is well.  
 Precious is the blood that  
 Perfect is the grace that  
 Strong the hand stretches  
 All must be well.

- 2 Though we pass through  
 All will be well;  
 Our's is such a full salvation  
 All, all is well.

ALL WILL BE WELL,  
Faith can sing through days of sorrow  
All, all is well.  
On our Father's love relying,  
Jesus every need supplying,  
Or in living or in dying,  
All must be well.

**33.**                    *Matt. xiv. 27.*

1 When waves of sorrow round me  
My soul is not dismayed;  
I hear a voice I know full well,  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

2 When black the threat'ning cloud

- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale,  
 Death hides within its shade ;  
 Oh ! say, when flesh and hearts shall fail,  
 " 'Tis I, be not afraid."

34. *John xvii. 24.* I.M.

- 1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 My Saviour, my eternal rest ;  
 Then only will this longing heart  
 Be fully and for ever blest.
- 2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 Thy unveiled glory to behold ;  
 Then only will this wand'ring heart  
 Cease to be false to Thee, and cold.
- 3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,  
 Where spotless saints Thy name adore ;  
 Then only will this sinful heart  
 Be evil and defiled no more.
- 4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art.  
 Where none can die, where none remove.  
 There neither death nor life will part  
 Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

85.

*Matt. vi. 10.*

P.M.

- 1 My God, my Father, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done."
- 2 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine;—  
"Thy will be done."
- 3 E'en if again I ne'er should see  
The friend more dear than life to me,  
Ere long we both shall be with Thee;—  
"Thy will be done."
- 4 Should pining sickness waste away  
My life in premature decay,  
My Father, still I strive to say,  
"Thy will be done."
- 5 If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—  
"Thy will be done."

- 6 Renew my wil. from day to day,  
 Blend it with Thine, and take away  
 All that now makes it hard to say,  
 "Thy will be done."
- 7 Then when on earth I breathe no more,  
 The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
 I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
 "Thy will be done."

36. *Rom. viii. 28.* C M

- 1 When I by faith the Saviour's death  
 Behold, and know Him mine,  
 Sweetly my rising hours advance,  
 And peacefully decline.
- 2 I can not doubt his bounteous love,  
 So full, so free, so kind;  
 To His unerring, gracious will  
 Be ev'ry wish resigned.
- 3 Good when he gives, supremely good,  
 Nor less when he denies;  
 Afflictions from His gracious hand,  
 Are blessings in disguise.

There let it fill some h  
Beneath the slaught

37.

*Rev. v. 12*

1 Glory to God on high  
Let heav'n and earth  
Praise ye His  
His love and grace  
Who all our sorrows  
Sing aloud evermore  
"Worthy the

2 Jesus, our Lord and  
Bore sin's tremendou  
Praise ye His

In him we will rejoice,  
And make a cheerful noise,  
Shouting with heart and voice,  
    " Worthy the Lamb !"

4 What though we change our place,  
Yet we shall never cease  
    Praising His name :  
To Him our songs we bring,  
Hail Him our gracious King,  
And without ceasing sing,  
    " Worthy the Lamb !"

5 Let all the hosts above  
Join in one song of love,  
    Praising His name :  
To Him ascribed be,  
Honour and majesty,  
Through all eternity :  
    " Worthy the Lamb !"

38.                   *Psalm cxxxiv. 1.*                   S.M.

1 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice ;  
Stand up and bless the Lord your God,  
    With heart and soul and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,  
 Above all blessing high,  
 Who would not fear His holy name,  
 And laud and magnify ?
- 3 Oh ! for the living flame,  
 From His own altar brought,  
 To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
 And wing to heaven our thought !
- 4 God is our strength and song,  
 And His salvation ours ;  
 Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
 With all our ransomed powers
- 5 Stand up and bless the Lord,  
 The Lord your God adore ;  
 Stand up and bless His glorious name  
 Henceforth for evermore.

MONTGOMERY

39.

*Luke xxi. 28.*

(

- 1 Awake ye saints, and raise your eyes  
 And lift your voices high ;  
*Extol the sovereign love that shews*  
*Our full redemption nigh.*

- 2 Fast on the wings of time it flies,  
 Its coming nought can stay :  
 It speeds with each revolving year,  
 With each declining day.
- 3 Not many years their rounds shall run,  
 Nor many mornings rise,  
 Ere all its glories stand revealed  
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Then let the wheels of nature roll  
 Yet onward to decay : -  
 We long to hail the rising sun,  
 That brings th' eternal day.

DODDRIDGE.

40. 1 *John* iv. 19. Double C.M.

- 1 We love Thee, Lord, because when we  
 Had erred and gone astray,  
 Thou didst recall our wand'ring souls  
 Into the homeward way.  
 When helpless, hopeless, we were lost  
 In sin and sorrow's night,  
 Thou did'st send forth a guiding ray  
 Of Thy benignant light.

- 2 Because when we forsook Thy ways,  
 Nor kept Thy holy will,  
 Thou wert not an avenging Judge,  
 But a gracious Father still.  
 Because we have forgot Thee, Lord,  
 But Thou hast not forgot,—  
 Because we have forsaken Thee,  
 But Thou forsakest not.
- 3 Because, O Lord, Thou lovedst us  
 With everlasting love ;  
 Because Thou gav'st Thy Son to die,  
 That we might live above ;  
 Because when we were heirs of wrath,  
 Thou gav'st the hopes of heaven ;  
 We love because we much have sinned,  
 And much have been forgiven.

41.

1 *John* ii. 1.

P.M

- 1 O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend !  
 Who loving, lov'st them to the end,  
 On this alone my hopes depend,  
 That Thou wilt plead for me.
- 2 When weary in the Christian race,  
 Far off appears my resting place,  
 And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,  
 Then, Saviour, plead for me.

- 3 When I have erred and gone astray,  
 Afar from thine and wisdom's way,  
 And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,  
 Still, Saviour, plead for me.
- 4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
 Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
 Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
 And plead, oh ! plead for me.
- 5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
 Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
 Then to my fainting sight appear,  
 Pleading in heaven for me.
- 6 When the full light of heavenly day,  
 Reveals my sin in dread array,  
 Say Thou hast washed them all away,—  
 Oh ! say Thou plead'st for me !  
 WESLEY.

42.

*Rom. v. 1.*

P.M.

- 1 I thought upon my sins, and I was sad,  
 My soul was troubled sore and filled  
 with pain ;  
 But then I thought on Jesus and was glad.  
 My heavy grief was turned to joy again.

- 2 I thought upon the law, the fiery law.  
Holy, and just, and good in its decree,  
I looked to Jesus, and in Him I saw  
That law fulfilled, its curse endured  
for me.
- 3 I thought I saw an angry, frowning God,  
Sitting as judge upon the great white  
throne;  
My soul was overwhelmed,—then Jesus  
shewed  
His gracious face, and all my dread  
was gone.
- 4 I saw my sad estate, condemned to die;  
Then terror seized my heart and dark  
despair;  
But when to Calvary I turned my eye,  
I saw the cross, and read forgiveness  
there.
- 5 I saw that I was lost, far gone astray,  
No hope of safe return, there seemed  
to be;  
But then I heard that Jesus was the way,  
A new and living way prepared for me.

6 Then in that way, so free, so safe, so sure,  
 Sprinkled all o'er with reconciling  
 blood,

Will I abide, and never wander more,  
 Walking along in fellowship with God.

H. BONAR.

43.                    *Isaiah* lxiv. 22.                    S.M.

1 My sins are blotted out,  
 Since Jesus died for me;  
 My times are in a Father's hand,  
 My steps in His decree.

2 Jesus in heaven appears,  
 For me to intercede;  
 And countless benefits proclaim,  
 "The Lord is risen indeed."

3 A little child is free  
 Of carefulness and guile,  
 Rests in a mother's guardian love,  
 And waits a father's smile.

4 Father of spirits, hear,  
 Make me this little child;  
 May I delight myself in Thee,  
 By no mistrust defiled.

44. *Rev. xxii. 17-20.* S.M.

1 The Spirit in our hearts  
Is whispering, Sinner, come!  
The bride, the Church of Christ proclaim  
To all His children, come.

2 Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, Come!  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,  
To Christ, the fountain, come!

3 Yes! whosoever will,  
Oh! let him freely come,  
And freely drink the stream of life;  
'Tis Jesus bids him Come;

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so! I wait Thy hour.  
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

45.                    2 *Peter* i. 19.                    C.M

- 1 Hope of our hearts, O Lord, appear,  
     Thou glorious star of day;  
   Shine forth and chase the dreary night,  
     With all our tears, away!
  
- 2 Strangers on earth, we wait for Thee;  
     Oh! leave the Father's throne;  
   Come with a shout of victory, Lord,  
     And claim us as Thy own.
  
- 3 Oh! bid the bright archangel now,  
     The trump of God prepare,  
   To call Thy saints—the quick, the dead,  
     To meet Thee in the air.
  
- 4 No resting-place we seek on earth,  
     No loveliness we see;  
   Our eye is on the royal crown  
     Prepared for us and Thee.
  
- 5 But, dearest Lord, however bright  
     That crown of joy above,  
   What is it to the brighter hope  
     Of dwelling in Thy love?

Of union with our living Head,  
Of fellowship with Thee ?

7 This joy e'en now on earth is ours •  
But only Lord, above,  
Our heart without a pang shall know  
The fulness of Thy love.

8 There, near Thy heart, upon the throne  
Thy ransomed bride shall see  
What grace was in the bleeding Lamb  
Who died to make her free.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
 Like sacrificial flame;  
 Let our whole souls an offering be  
 To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew, and sweetly bless  
 This consecrated hour;  
 May barren minds be taught to own  
 Thy fertilizing power.

5 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings,  
 The wings of peaceful love;  
 And let the Church on earth become  
 Blest as the Church above.

47.                      1 Cor. iii. 22.                      C.M.

1 If God is mine, then present things  
 And things to come are mine;  
 Yea, Christ, His Word, and Spirit too,  
 And glory all divine.

2 If He is mine, then from His love  
 He every trouble sends;  
 All things are working for my good,  
 And bliss His rod attends.

- 3 If He is mine, I need not fear  
 The rage of earth and hell;  
 He will support my feeble power,  
 Their utmost force repel.
- 4 If He is mine, let friends forsake,  
 Let wealth and honor flee;  
 Sure He who giveth me Himself  
 Is more than these to me.
- 5 If He is mine, I'll boldly pass  
 Through death's tremendous vale;  
 He is a solid comfort when  
 All other comforts fail.
- 6 Oh! tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine;  
 What can I wish beside?  
 My soul shall at the fountain live,  
 When all the streams are dried.

48.

*Rev. v. 9.*

C.M

- 1 Sing we the song of those who stand  
 Around the eternal throne,  
 Of every kindred, clime, and land,  
 A multitude unknown.

- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;  
To-day, the young, the old,  
Our Saviour and His flock appear,  
One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suffering still await  
On earth the pilgrim throng;  
Yet learn we in our low estate,  
The Church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,  
Cry the redeemed above,  
Blessing and honor to obtain,  
And everlasting love.
- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,  
Who died our souls to save.  
Henceforth, O Death! where is thy sting?  
Thy victory, O Grave?
- 6 Then hallelujah! power and praise  
To God in Christ be given;  
May all who now this anthem raise,  
Renew the strain in heaven.

MONTGOMERY

49.

*Rev. xiv. 4.*

C.M.

- 1 A pilgrim through this lonely world,  
The blessed Saviour passed :  
A mourner all His life was He,  
A dying Lamb at last.
- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,  
For all its life-blood gave ;  
It found on earth no resting-place,  
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear  
The cross, with all its scorn ?  
Or love a faithless, evil world,  
That wreathed His brow with thorn ?
- 4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,  
Like Him, obedient still,  
We homeward press through storm or  
To Zion's blessed hill. [calm

50.

*Luke xxii. 42.*

C M

- 1 One prayer I have, all prayers in one,  
When I am wholly Thine,  
Thy will, my God, Thy will be done,  
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,  
In Thee I firmly trust;  
Thy ways, unknown or understood,  
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember, that to Thee,  
Whate'er I have I owe;  
And back in gratitude from me,  
May all Thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,  
When used as talents lent;  
Those talents only well employed  
When in Thy service spent.
- 5 And though Thy wisdom takes away.  
Shall I arraign Thy will?  
No, let me bless Thy name, and say,  
"The Lord is gracious still."

6 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,  
Of nothing long possessed ;  
And all must fail when I go home,  
For this is not my rest.

7 Write but my name upon the roll  
Of Thy redeemed above ;  
Then, heart and mind and strength and soul  
I'll love Thee for Thy love. [soul

51. 1 *Peter* ii. 25. S.M

1 I was a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled.

2 I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home ;  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

3 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child ;  
*They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er desert, waste, and wild.*

- 4 They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.
- 5 They washed my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair;  
They brought me to my home in peace,  
The long-sought wanderer!
- 6 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole.
- 7 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep;  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- 8 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold!
- 9 I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home!

H. BONAR.

52.

*Rom. viii. 12.*

7, 7, 4

- 1 When I listen to Thy word,  
In Thy temple cold and dead ;  
When I cannot see Thee, Lord,  
All faith's little day-light fled,  
Sun of glory,  
Beam again around my head.
- 2 When Thy statutes I forsake,  
When my graces dimly shine,  
When Thy covenant I break,  
Jesus, then remember Thine ;  
Check my wanderings,  
By a look of love divine.
- 3 When Thy heavenly dew distils,  
And my views, O Lord, are clear,  
Clear and bright from Zion's hills,  
Temper joys with holy fear ;  
Keep me watchful,  
Safe alone when Thou art near.
- 4 When afflictions cloud my sky,  
When the tide of sorrow flows,  
When Thy rod is lifted high,  
Let me on Thy love repose ;  
Stay the rough wind,  
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

- 5 When the vale of death appears,  
 Faint and cold this mortal clay,  
 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,  
 Light me through the darksome way,  
 Break the shadows,  
 Usher in eternal day.

J. TAYLOR.

53. *Psalm cxxi. 1.* C.M.

- 1 Welcome days of solemn meeting!  
 Welcome days of praise and prayer!  
 Far from earthly scenes retreating,  
 In your blessings we would share,—  
 Sacred seasons,  
 In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be Thou near us, blessed Saviour,  
 Still at morn and eve the same;  
 Give us faith that cannot waver;  
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame,—  
 Blessed Saviour,  
 Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 2 When the fervent prayer is glowing,  
 Holy Spirit hear that prayer;  
 When the song of praise is flowing,  
 Let that song Thine impress bear,—  
 Holy Spirit,  
 Let that song Thine impress bear.

54.

*Rev. v. 6.*

- 1 Earth has engrossed my love too long  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upwards, dear Father, to Thy throne  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour,  
The God! how bright He shine  
And scatters infinite delights  
On countless happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,  
Compass the throne around;  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employ  
Jesus, my God, they sing!  
Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
So and sweet from ev'ry string.
- 5 Now let me mount and join their  
And be an angel too:  
My heart, my ear, my hand, my tongue  
Here's joyful work for you.

- 6 I would begin the music here,  
 And so my soul should rise:  
 Oh! for some heav'nly notes to bear  
 My praises to the skies!
- 7 There ye that love my Saviour, sit,  
 There I would fain have place,  
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
 So I might see His face.

55. *Psalm cxlviii. 14.* P.M

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
 Nearer to Thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross—  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness comes over me,  
 My rest a stone,  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
 Nearer to Thee!

- 3 There let my way appear  
     Steps unto heav'n;  
 All that Thou sendest me  
     In mercy giv'n;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
     Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
     Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs  
     Bethel I'll raise;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
     Nearer to Thee!
- 6 And when on joyful wing,  
     Cleaving the sky;  
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
     Upward I fly;  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,—  
     Nearer to Thee!

86.

*Psalm xxiii. 4.*

O.M.

- 1 There is an hour when I must part  
     With all I hold most dear;  
 And life, with its best hopes, will then  
     As nothingness appear.

- 2 There is an hour when I must sink  
 Beneath the stroke of death;  
 And yield to Him who gave it first,  
 My struggling vital breath.
- 3 There is an hour when I must stand  
 Before the judgment-seat;  
 And all my sins, and all my foes,  
 In awful vision meet.
- 4 There is an hour when I must look  
 On one eternity;  
 And nameless woe, or blissful life,  
 My endless portion be.
- 5 O Saviour, then, in all my need  
 Be near, be near to me:  
 And let my soul, by steadfast faith,  
 Find life and heaven in Thee.

57.

*Acts xxi. 13.*

1 M

- 1 When the spark of life is waning,  
 Weep not for me:  
 When the languid eye is straining,  
 Weep not for me.

When the feeble pulse is ceasing,  
 Start not at its swift decreasing,  
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing ;  
 Weep not for me.

2 When the pangs of death assail me,  
 Weep not for me :  
 Christ is mine,—He cannot fail me,—  
 Weep not for me.  
 Yes! though sin and doubt endeavor  
 From His love my soul to sever,  
 Jesus is my strength for ever;—  
 Weep not for me.

58.

2 *Tim.* iv. 6.

P.M

1 I'm going to leave all my sadness,  
 I'm going to change earth for heaven,  
 There, there all is peace, all is gladness,  
 There pureness and glory are given.  
 Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,  
 But joy that my time here is o'er;  
 I go the good part to inherit,  
 Where sorrow and sin are no more.

2 The shadows of evening are fleeing,  
 Morn breaks on the city of light;  
 This moment day starts into being,  
 Eternity bursts on my sight.

The first-born redeemed from all trouble,  
 (The Lamb that was slain in the throng,)  
 Their ardor in praising redouble;—  
 Breaks not on the ear the new song?

- 8 I'm going to tell their glad story,  
 To share in their transports of praise,  
 I'm going in garments of glory,  
 My voice to unite with their lays.  
 Ye fetters corrupted, then leave me;  
 Thou body of sin, droop and die;  
 Pains of earth, cease ye ever to grieve me.  
 From you 'tis for ever I fly.

59.

*John xxi. 16.*

C.M

- 1 Do not I love Thee? O my Lord,  
 Behold my heart, and see!  
 And cast each hated idol down,  
 That dares to rival Thee.

- 2 Do not I love Thee from my soul?  
 Then let me nothing love;  
 Dead be my heart to every joy,  
 When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not Thy name melodious still,  
 To mine attentive ear?  
 Does not each pulse with pleasure bound  
 My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love Thee, gracious Lord  
 But oh! I long to soar  
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
 And learn to love Thee more!

DODDRIDGE.

60.                    *Exod. xiv. 15.*                    P.M.

1 Press forward and fear not; the billows  
     may roll,  
 But the power of Jesus their rage can  
     control;  
 Though waves rise in anger, their tumults  
     shall cease,  
 One word of His bidding shall hush them  
     to peace.

2 Press forward and fear not; though trial  
     be near,  
 The Lord is our refuge—whom then shall  
     we fear?

His staff is our comfort, our safe-guard  
 His rod;  
 Then let us be steadfast and trust in our  
 God.

- 3 Press forward and fear not; be strong in  
 the Lord,  
 In the power of His promise, the truth of  
 His word;  
 Through the sea and the desert our path-  
 way may tend,  
 But He who hath saved us will save to  
 the end.

- 4 Press forward and fear not; we'll speed  
 on our way;  
 Why should we e'er shrink from our path  
 in dismay?  
 We tread but the road which our Leader  
 has trod;  
 Then let us press forward, and trust in  
 our God.

61. *Psalm cvii. 1, 2.* L.M.

- 1 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing  
 Of mercies past, of joys to come;  
 The Lord their Saviour is and king,  
 The cross their hope, and heaven their  
 home.

- 2 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing—  
Sweet is the subject of their song—  
Who, made the children of a king,  
Expect to sit in heaven ere long.
- 3 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing—  
The Lord has kept in dangers past;  
And oh! sweet thought, the Lord will  
bring  
His people safe to heaven at last.
- 4 Let sinners saved give thanks and sing—  
Of Jesus sing through all their days;  
In heaven their golden harps they'll string,  
And then for ever sing His praise.

62.

*Heb. xi. 16.*

**S.M.**

- 1 I have a home above,  
From sin and sorrow free;  
A mansion which eternal love  
Designed and formed for me.
- 2 My Father's gracious hand  
Has built this sweet abode;  
From everlasting it was planned—  
My dwelling-place with God.

3 My Saviour's precious blood  
 Has made my title sure ;  
 He passed through death's dark raging  
 flood  
 To make my rest secure.

4 The Comforter is come,  
 The earnest has been given ;  
 He leads me onward to the home  
 Reserved for me in heaven.

5 Loved ones are gone before,  
 Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
 I soon shall greet them on that shore  
 Where partings are unknown.

63.

2 *Kings* iv. 26.

S.M.

1 Beloved, "it is well!"  
 God's ways are always right ;  
 And perfect love is o'er them all,  
 Though far above our sight.

2 Beloved, "it is well!"  
 Though deep and sore the smart,  
 The hand that wounds knows how to bind  
 And heal the broken heart.

3 Beloved, "it is well!"  
 Though sorrow clouds our way,  
 'Twill only make the joy more clear  
 That ushers in the day.

4 Beloved, "it is well!"  
 The path that Jesus trod,  
 Though rough, and strait, and dark,  
 Leads home to heaven and God.

64.                    2 *Thess.* i. 7.

1 I hear a voice at dawn of day,  
 And to my heart it seems to say  
 When sorrow dims hope's bright  
 "There's rest in

2 I hear it at the evening tide,  
 When fitful shadows round us glide  
 Still whispering gently at my side  
 "There's rest in

3 E'en at noon's busy hour I hear  
 The same sweet words accost me near  
 With power to stay the rising tear  
 "There's rest in

- 4 Blest words! which tell of naught but joy,  
Of endless rest without alloy,  
Well may they oft our thoughts employ—  
“There’s rest in heaven.”
- 5 Spirit of life and love divine,  
Subdue my heart and make it thine,  
That I may dwell upon as mine,  
That “rest in heaven.”

65.

*Phil. iv. 6.*

C.M.

- 1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,  
Returning whence it came;  
Love is the sacred fire within,  
And prayer the rising flame.
- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,  
And soothes the troubled breast;  
Yields comfort to the mourning soul,  
And to the weary rest.
- 3 The prayers and praises of the saints,  
Like precious odors sweet,  
Ascend and spread a rich perfume  
Around the mercy-seat.

To Him there's music in a  
And beauty in a tear.

5 The humble suppliant can  
To have his wants supp  
Since He for sinners inter  
Who once for sinners di

66. *Psalm xviii. 1*

1 Thee will I love, my stren  
Thee will I love, my joy  
Thee will I love with all  
In all Thy works, and

- 3 In darkness willingly I strayed ;  
     I heard Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;  
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were  
     spread,  
     Thy creatures more than Thee I loved ;  
 And now, if more at length I see,  
 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from  
     Thee.
- 4 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
     That Thy bright beams on me have  
     shined,  
 I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
     My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;  
 I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
     Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 5 Uphold me in the upward race,  
     Nor suffer me again to stray ;  
 Strengthen my feet with steady pace  
     Still to press forward in Thy way :  
 Let all my powers, with all their might  
     In Thy sole glory now unite.
- 6 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,  
     Thee will I love, my Lord, my God,  
 Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,  
     Or smile—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod ;  
 What though my flesh and heart decay,  
     Thee shall I love in endless day.

WESLEY.

67.

*Gal. vi. 1.*

P.M

- 1 Look Thou with pity on a brother's fall,  
But dwell not with stern anger on his  
    fault;  
The grace of God alone holds thee, holds  
    all;  
Were that withdrawn, thou too wouldst  
    swerve and halt.
  
- 2 Lead back the wanderer to the Saviour's  
    fold;  
That were an action worthy of a saint;  
But not in malice let the crime be told,  
Nor publish to the world the evil taint.
  
- 3 The Saviour suffers when His children  
    slide;  
Then is His holy name by men blas-  
    phemed,  
And He afresh is mocked, and crucified,  
Even by those His bitter death redeemed.
  
- 4 Rebuke the sin, but yet in love rebuke,  
Feel as one member in another's pain;  
Wean back the soul that His fair path  
    forsook,  
And mighty and eternal is the gain.

68.           *Psalm cxix. 105.*           C.M.

- 1 Would'st thou be wise and know the  
    Lord?  
    Would'st thou believe aright?  
    Make the blest volume of His word,  
    Thy rule, thy guide, thy light.
- 2 Here is the spring where waters flow,  
    To quench our heat of sin;  
    Here is the tree where truth doth grow,  
    To lead our lives therein.
- 3 Here is the Judge that stints the strife,  
    When men's devices fail;  
    Here is the bread that feeds the life  
    Which death can not assail.
- 4 The tidings of salvation dear  
    Come to our ears from hence;  
    The fortress of our faith is here,  
    Our shield, and our defense.
- 5 Read not this book in any case  
    But with a single eye;  
    Read not but first desire God's grace  
    To understand thereby.

6 Pray still in faith with this respect,  
 To fructify therein;  
 That knowledge may bring this effect,  
 To mortify thy sin.

7 Then happy thou in all thy life,  
 Whatso to thee befalls;  
 Yea! doubly happy shalt thou be,  
 When God by death thee calls.

GRESSOP.

68.

*Thess. iii. 13.*

P.M.

1 Breast the wave, Christian, when it is  
 strongest;  
 Watch for day, Christian, when the  
 night's longest;  
 Onward and onward still be thine en-  
 deavor,  
 The rest that remaineth will be for ever.

2 Fight the fight, Christian; Jesus is o'er  
 thee;  
 Run the race, Christian; heaven is before  
 thee;  
 He who hath promised faltereth never;  
 The love of eternity flows on for ever.

- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth;  
 Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;  
 These from the love of Christ nothing  
 shall sever;  
 Mount when thy work is done—praise  
 Him for ever.

70. *Ezekiel xi. 16.* L.M.

- 1 Jesus our Lord! to Thee we call,  
 Thou art our life, our hope, our all;  
 And we have nowhere else to flee,  
 No sanctuary, Lord, but Thee.
- 2 Whatever foes or fears betide,  
 In Thy dear presence let us hide;  
 And while we rest our souls on Thee,  
 Do Thou our sanctuary be.
- 3 Quickly the day of light draws nigh,  
 Or we may bow our heads and die;  
 But, oh! what joy this witness gives!  
 Jesus, our sanctuary, lives.
- 4 He from the grave our dust will raise,  
 We in the heavens shall sing His praise;  
 And when in glory we appear,  
 He'll be our sanctuary there.

71.

*Eccles. xi. 6.*

S.M.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thine hand ;  
To doubt and fear give thou no heed—  
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,  
The high-way furrows stock ;  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,  
Expect not every where ;  
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found ;  
Go forth then every where.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,  
The late or early sown ;  
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,  
When and wherever strown ;
- 5 And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

6 Thou canst not toil in vain ;  
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,  
 Shall foster and mature the grain,  
 For garnerers in the sky.

7 Hence, when the glorious end,  
 The day of God is come,  
 The angel reapers shall descend,  
 And heaven cry, " Harvest home."  
 MONTGOMERY.

72.                      1 *Sam.* xi. 12.                      S.M.

1 And are we yet alive,  
 And see each other's face ?  
 Glory and praise to Jesus give  
 For His redeeming grace !

2 Preserved by power divine,  
 To full salvation here,  
 Again in Jesu's praise we join,  
 And in His sight appear.

3 What troubles have we seen,  
 What conflicts have we passed,  
 Fightings without and fears within,  
 Since we assembled last '

4 But out of all the Lord  
 Hath brought us by His love;  
 And still He doth his help afford,  
 And hides our life above.

5 Then let us make our boast  
 Of His redeeming power,  
 Which saves us to the uttermost,  
 Till we can sin no more.

6 Let us take up the cross,  
 Till we the crown obtain;  
 And gladly reckon all things loss,  
 So we may Jesus gain.

WESLEY.

73.

*Luke xviii. 1.*

L.M.

1 Prayer was appointed to convey  
 The blessings God designs to give;  
 Long as they live should Christians pray,  
 For only while they pray they live.

2 The Christian's heart his prayer indites,  
 He speaks as prompted from within;  
 The Spirit his petition writes,  
 And Christ receives and gives it in

- 3 And wilt thou in dead silence lie,  
 When Christ stands waiting for thy  
     prayer?  
 My soul, thou hast a Friend on high;  
 Arise and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict or wrongs oppress,  
 If cares distract or fears dismay,  
 If guilt deject, if sin distress,  
 The remedy's before thee—Pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
 Though thoughts be broken, language  
     lame;  
 Pray if thou canst or canst not speak;  
 But pray with faith in Jesu's name.
- 6 Depend on Him—thou canst not fail;  
 Make all thy wants and wishes known;  
 Fear not—His merits must prevail;  
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.

HART.

74.

*Romans xiii. 25.*

P.M.

- 1 Soon and for ever the breaking of day  
 Shall chase all the night-clouds of sor-  
     row away;  
 Soon and for ever we'll see as we're seen,  
 And know the deep meaning of things  
     that have been—

Where fightings without and conflicts  
within

Shall weary no more in the warfare  
with sin—

Where tears and where fears and where  
death shall be never,

Christians with Christ shall be soon  
and for ever.

2 Soon and for ever the work shall be done,  
The warfare accomplished, the victory  
won;

Soon and for ever the soldier lay down  
The sword for a harp, the cross for a  
crown :

Then sink not in sorrow, despond not in  
fear,

A glorious to-morrow is brightening  
and near,

When—blessed reward for each faithful  
endeavor—

Christians with Christ shall be, soon  
and for ever!

75. *Psalm lxxiii. 25.*

P.M.

1 Pass away earthly joy—  
Jesus is mine!

Break every mortal tie—  
Jesus is mine!

Dark is the wilderness ;  
 Distant the resting-place ;  
 Jesus alone can bless :  
     Jesus is mine !

2 Tempt not my soul away—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 Here would I ever stay—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 Perishing things of clay,  
 Born but for one brief day,  
 Pass from my heart away—  
     Jesus is mine !

3 Fare ye well, dreams of night—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 Mine is a dawning bright—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 All that my soul has tried  
 Left but a dismal void ;  
 Jesus has satisfied—  
     Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell mortality—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 Welcome eternity—  
     Jesus is mine !  
 Welcome ye scenes of rest,  
 Welcome ye mansions blest,  
 Welcome a Saviour's breast—  
     Jesus is mine !

76.

*Psalms lxxv. 2.*

C.M.

- 1 There is an eye that never sleeps  
    Beneath the wing of night ;  
There is an ear that never shuts,  
    When sink the beams of light.
- 2 There is an arm that never tires,  
    When human strength gives way ;  
There is a love that never fails,  
    When earthly loves decay.
- 3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs ;  
    That arm upholds the sky ;  
That ear is filled with angel songs ;  
    That love is throned on high.
- 4 But there's a power which man can wield,  
    When mortal aid is vain,  
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,  
    That listening ear to gain.
- 5 That power is prayer ; which soars on  
    high  
    Through Jesus to the throne,  
And moves the hand which moves the  
    world,  
    To bring salvation down.

77.

*Ezek. xxxiv. 23.*

7.6

- 1 O gracious Shepherd ! bind us  
 With cords of love to Thee,  
 And evermore remind us  
 How mercy set us free.  
 Oh ! may Thy Holy Spirit  
 Set this before our eyes,  
 That we Thy death and merit  
 Above all else may prize.
- 2 We are of our salvation  
 Assured through Thy love ;  
 Yet oh ! on each occasion  
 How faithless do we prove !  
 Thou hast our sins forgiven—  
 Then leaving all behind,  
 We would press on to heaven,  
 Bearing the prize in mind.
- 3 Grant us henceforth, dear Saviour,  
 While in this vale of tears,  
 To look to Thee, and never  
 Give way to anxious fears.  
 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake us,  
 Though we are oft to blame ;  
 Oh ! let Thy love then make us  
 Hold fast Thy faith and name.

78.

1 *John* i. 7.

C.M.

- 1 Walk in the light! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love,  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light! and sin abhorred  
Shall ne'er defile again;  
The blood of Jesus Christ the Lord  
Shall cleanse from every sin.
- 4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see  
Thy path, though thorny, bright,  
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is light.

79.            1 *Peter* ii. 21, 22, 23.            C.M

- 1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
    Around Thy steps below !  
    What patient love was seen in all  
    Thy life and death of woe !
- 2 For ever on Thy burdened heart  
    A weight of sorrow hung ;  
    Yet no ungentle murmuring word  
    Escaped Thy silent tongue.
- 3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile—  
    Thy friends unfaithful prove ;  
    Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
    Thy heart could only love.
- 4 Oh ! give us hearts to love like Thee—  
    Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
    Far more for other's sins, than all  
    The wrongs that we receive.
- 5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
    In us, Thy brethren, see  
    That gentleness and grace that spring  
    From union, Lord, with Thee.

80.

*John xx. 28.*

P.M

- 1 Jesus, Thy name I love,  
All other names above,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Oh! Thou art all to me,  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus my Lord!
- 2 Thou, blessed Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus my Lord!  
Oh! how great is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus my Lord!
- 3 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus my Lord!  
What need I now to fear?  
What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near?  
Jesus my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again !  
 I shall be happy then,  
     Jesus my Lord !  
 Then Thine own face I'll see,  
 Then I shall like Thee be,  
 Then evermore with Thee,  
     Jesus my Lord !

81.

*Rev. ii. 28.*

P.M.

1 There is a morning star, my soul,  
     There is a morning star ;  
     'Twill soon be near and bright, though now  
     It seems so dim and far.  
 And when time's stars have come and gone,  
 And every mist of earth has flown,  
 That better star shall rise,  
 On this world's clouded skies,  
     To shine for ever.

2 The night is well nigh spent, my soul,  
     The night is well nigh spent,  
     And soon above our heads shall shine  
     A glorious firmament ;  
 Unutterably pure and bright—  
 The Lamb once slain, its perfect light—  
 A light unchanging and divine,  
 A star that shall unclouded shine,  
     Descending never.

82.

1 *John* iv. 8.

P.M

- 1 We can not always trace the way,  
Where Thou, our gracious Lord, dost  
move,  
But we can always surely say,  
That Thou art love.
- 2 When fear its gloomy cloud will fling  
O'er earth—our souls to heaven above  
As to their sanctuary spring,  
For Thou art love.
- 3 When mystery shrouds our darkened  
path,  
We'll check our dread, our doubts re-  
prove;  
In this our soul sweet comfort hath,  
That Thou art love.
- 4 Yes! Thou art love—a truth like this  
Can every gloomy thought remove,  
And turn all tears, all woes to bliss;  
Our God is love.

83. *Psalm civ. 34.* P.M.

- 1 I journey through a desert drear and  
wild,  
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts  
beguiled,  
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength,  
my stay,  
I can forget the sorrows of the way.
- 2 Thoughts of His *love*—the root of every  
grace  
Which finds in this poor heart a dwell-  
ing-place;  
The sunshine of my soul, than day more  
bright,  
And my calm pillow of repose by night.
- 3 Thoughts of His *sojourn* in this vale of  
tears—  
The tale of love unfolded in those years  
Of sinless suffering and patient grace,  
I love again—and yet again to trace.
- 4 Thoughts of His *death*—upon the cross I  
gaze,  
And there behold its sad yet healing  
rays;

Beacon of hope, which lifted up on high,  
 Illumes with heavenly light the tear-  
 dimmed eye.

- 5 Thoughts of His *coming*—for that joyful  
     day  
 In patient hope I watch, and wait, and  
     pray;  
 The day draws nigh, the midnight sha-  
     dows flee;  
 Oh! what a sun-rise will that advent be!
- 6 Thus, while I journey on my Lord to  
     meet,  
 My thoughts and meditations are so  
     sweet  
 Of Him on whom I lean, my strength,  
     my stay,  
 I can forget the sorrows of the way.

84.

*Exodus xv. 2.*

6, 6, 8.

- 1 Jehovah is our strength,  
     And He shall be our song;  
 We shall o'ercome at length,  
     Although our foes be strong:  
 In vain doth Satan then oppose,  
 The Lord is stronger than his foes.

- 2 The Lord our refuge is,  
 And ever will remain ;  
 Since He hath made us His,  
 He will our cause maintain :  
 In vain our enemies oppose,  
 For God is stronger than His foes.
- 3 The Lord our portion is,  
 What can we wish for more ?  
 As long as we are His,  
 We never can be poor :  
 In vain do earth and hell oppose,  
 For God is stronger than His foes.
- 4 The Lord our Shepherd is,  
 He knows our every need ;  
 And since we now are His,  
 His care our souls will feed :  
 In vain do sin and death oppose,  
 For God is stronger than His foes,
- 5 Our God our Father is,  
 Our names are on His heart ;  
 We ever shall be His,  
 He ne'er from us will part :  
 In vain the world and flesh oppose,  
 For God is stronger than His foes.

85.

*John xvii. 12.*

7, 1

- 1 O Lamb of God! still keep me  
 Near to Thy wounded side;  
 'Tis only then in safety  
 And peace I can abide!  
 What foes and snares surround me!  
 What doubts and fears within!  
 The grace that sought and found me,  
 Alone can keep me clean.
- 2 'Tis only in Thee hiding,  
 I feel my life secure—  
 Only in Thee abiding,  
 The conflict can endure:  
 Thine arm the vict'ry gaineth  
 O'er every hateful foe;  
 Thy love my heart sustaineth  
 In all its cares and woe.
- 3 Soon shall my eyes behold Thee  
 With rapture, face to face;  
 One half hath not been told me  
 Of all Thy power and grace:  
 Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
 The wonders of Thy love,  
 Shall be the endless story  
 Of all Thy saints above.

86.

*Cont. li. 16.*

P.M.

- 1 Long did I toil, and know no earthly  
rest;  
Far did I rove, and found no certain  
home;  
At last I sought them in His sheltering  
breast,  
Who opes His arms and bids the weary  
come;  
In Christ I found a home, a rest divine,  
And I since then am His, and He is mine.
- 2 Yes! He is mine! and naught of earthly  
things—  
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth,  
or power,  
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings—  
Could tempt me to forego His love an  
hour;  
“Go, worthless world,” I cry, “with all  
that’s thine;  
Go, I my Saviour’s am, and He is mine.”
- 3 The good I have is from His stores sup-  
plied,  
The ill is only what He deems the  
best;

He for my friend, I'm rich with naught  
 beside,  
 And poor without Him, though of ail  
 possess:  
 Changes may come—I take, or I resign,  
 Content while I am His, and He is mine.

- 4 Whate'er may change, in Him no change  
 is seen—  
 A glorious sun that wanes not, nor  
 declines;  
 Above the clouds and storms He walks  
 unseen,  
 And sweetly on His people's darkness  
 shines:  
 All may depart—I fret not nor repine,  
 While I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

- 5 While here alas! I know but half His  
 love,  
 But half discern Him, and but half  
 adore;  
 But when I meet Him in the realms  
 above,  
 I hope to love Him better, praise Him  
 more,  
 And feel and tell amid the choir divine,  
 How fully I am His, and He is mine.

87. *Psalm lvii. 1.* C.M.

- 1 Be merciful to me, O God !  
Be merciful to me,  
For though I sink beneath Thy rod,  
Yet do I trust in Thee.
- 2 Thou art my refuge, and I know  
My burden Thou dost bear,  
And I would seek, where'er I go,  
To cast on Thee my care.
- 3 Thou knowest, Lord, my flesh how frail,  
Strong though my spirit be ;  
Oh ! then assist, when foes assail,  
The soul that clings to Thee.
- 4 And, gracious Lord, whate'er befall,  
A thankful heart be mine—  
A heart that answers to Thy call,  
One that is wholly Thine.
- 5 And may I ne'er forget that Thou  
Wilt soon return again,  
And those who love Thy coming now  
Shall shine in glory then.

88.           *Psalm cxlix. 1-4.*           P.M.

1 Praise ye Jehovah, praise the Lord most  
    holy,  
    Who cheers the contrite, girds with  
    strength the weak;  
Praise Him who will with glory crown  
    the lowly,  
And with salvation beautify the meek.

2 Praise ye the Lord for all His loving-  
    kindness,  
And all the tender mercies He hath  
    shown;  
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and  
    blindness,  
And calls us sons, and takes us for His  
    own.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of every bless-  
    ing—  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are  
    dim;  
Resting in Him, His peace and joy pos-  
    sessing,  
All things are ours, for we have all in  
    Him.

- 4 Praise ye the Father ! God the Lord who  
 gave us,  
 With full and perfect love, His only  
 Son ;  
 Praise ye the Son who died Himself to  
 save us !  
 Praise ye the Spirit ! praise the Three in  
 One.

89. *Psalm xxxii.* 7. Double C.M.

- 1 Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord !  
 In Thee I put my trust ;  
 Encouraged by Thy holy word,  
 A feeble child of dust :  
 I have no argument beside,  
 I urge no other plea ;  
 And 'tis enough my Saviour died,  
 My Saviour died for me !
- 2 When storms of fierce temptation beat,  
 And furious foes assail,  
 My refuge is the mercy-seat,  
 My hope within the veil.  
 From strife of tongues and bitter words,  
 My spirit flies to Thee ;  
 Joy to my heart the thought affords,  
 My Saviour died for me !

- 3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
 When mortal strength is vain—  
 A heart with grief and anguish torn—  
 A body racked with pain—  
 Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,  
 Bid every murmur flee,  
 But this, the witness in my breast,  
 My Saviour died for me!
- 4 And when Thine awful voice commands  
 This body to decay,  
 And life in its last lingering sands,  
 Is ebbing fast away—  
 Then, though it be in accents weak,  
 And faint and tremblingly,  
 Oh! give me strength in death to speak,  
 "My Saviour died for me!"

RAFFLES.

90.

*Coloss. iii. 11.*

P.M.

- 1 Jesus, my Saviour, look on me!  
 For I am weary and opprest;  
 I come to cast my soul on Thee;  
 Thou art my rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
 I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
 Thine aid omnipotent I seek;  
 Thou art my strength.

- 3 I am bewildered on my way ;  
Dark and tempestuous is the night ;  
Oh ! shed Thou forth some cheering ray ;  
Thou art my light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise,  
But, when I dread th' impending shock,  
My spirit to her refuge flies ;  
Thou art my rock.
- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,  
I look to Thee—my terrors cease ;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts ;  
Thou art my peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink ;  
Thou art my life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
Even to the end, whate'er befall ;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

MACDUFF.

91.

*Heb. iv. 15.*

O.M.

- 1 Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep  
For human ministry :  
It knows not how to tell itself  
To any but to Thee.
- 2 Thou dost remember still, amid  
The glories of God's throne,  
The sorrows of mortality,  
For they were once Thine own.
- 3 Yes ! for as if Thou would'st be God,  
E'en in Thy misery,  
There's been no sorrow but Thine own  
Untouched by sympathy.
- 4 Jesus, my fainting spirit rings  
Its fearfulness to Thee ;  
Thine eye at least can penetrate  
The clouded mystery.
- 5 It is enough, my precious Lord,  
Thy tender sympathy !  
There is no sorrow e'er so deep  
But I may bring to Thee.

92.

1 *Peter* i 8.

8. 8. 6.

- 1 Jesus, I love Thee ! Thou dost know  
How true my love, how deep my woe ;  
Almost too deep to bear !  
But Thou wilt guide me by Thy hand,  
Strong in Thy strength I yet may stand,  
Still resting in Thy care.
- 2 Thou wilt not leave the weakest one ;  
Though every outward hope be gone,  
I know that Thou art nigh ;  
Man knows not what my sufferings are,  
He can not know ; he would not care ;  
But Thou art sympathy.
- 3 Thou wilt not let my footsteps fail,  
Nor let me, journeying through this vale,  
Bring on Thy Gospel shame ;  
Though naught is mine but sin and woe,  
Yet in Thy righteousness I go,  
And triumph in Thy name.
- 4 And when the bitter cup is past,  
And when I sink in death at last,  
It is to be with Thee ;  
To come with Thee in clouds of heaven,  
Ransomed, pure, holy, Thine, forgiven,  
Ever to reign with Thee.

93. *Psalm xxxix. 9.* S.M.

- 1 It is Thy hand, my God !  
     My sorrow comes from Thee—  
 I bow beneath Thy chastening rod ;  
     'Tis love that bruises me.
- 2 I would not murmur, Lord,  
     Before Thee I am dumb—  
 Lest I should breathe one murmuring  
     word,  
 To Thee for help I come.
- My God ! Thy name is Love,  
     A Father's hand is Thine ;  
 With tearful eye I look above,  
     And cry, " Thy will be mine."
- 4 I know Thy will is right,  
     Though it may seem severe ;  
 Thy path is still unsullied light,  
     Though dark it oft appear.
- 5 Jesus for me hath died ;  
     Thy Son Thou didst not spare ;  
 His pierced hands, His bleeding side,  
     Thy love for me declare

- 6 Here my poor heart can rest—  
 My God! it cleaves to Thee;  
 Thy will is love, Thine end is blest,  
 All work for good to me.

94.

*Isaiah xlii. 16.*

P.M.

- 1 I know not the way I am going,  
 But well do I know my Guide;  
 With a child-like trust I give my hand  
 To the mighty Friend by my side.  
 The only thing that I say to Him,  
 As He takes it, is: "Hold it fast,  
 Suffer me not to lose my way,  
 And bring me home at last."
- 2 As when some helpless wanderer,  
 Alone in an unknown land,  
 Tells the guide his destined place of rest,  
 And leaves all else in his hand:  
 'Tis home, 'tis home that we wish to  
 reach;  
 He who guides us may choose the way;  
 Little we heed what path we take.  
 If nearer home each day.

95.

*Rom. xiii. 11.*

P.M.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought,  
Comes to me o'er and o'er—  
I am nearer home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.
- 2 Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be ;  
Nearer the great white throne ;  
Nearer the crystal sea ;
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down ;  
Nearer leaving the cross ;  
Nearer gaining the crown.
- 4 But lying darkly between,  
Winding down through the night,  
Is the deep and unknown stream,  
That leads at last to the light.
- 5 Jesus, perfect my trust,  
Strengthen the hand of my faith ;  
Let me feel Thee near when I stand  
On the edge of the shore of death.

6 Feel Thee near when my feet  
Are slipping over the brink;  
For it may be, I'm nearer home—  
Nearer now than I think.

CAREY.

96.

1 *Thess.* iv. 14.

L.M.

- 1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wakes to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing,  
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest:  
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

- 5 Asleep in Jesus! time nor space  
 Debars this precious hiding-place;  
 On Indian plains or Northern snows  
 Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus! far from Thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be!  
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

97.

*Heb. iv. 3.*

P.]

- 1 Jesus, we rest in Thee,  
 In Thee ourselves we hide;  
 Laden with guilt and misery,  
 Where could we rest beside?  
 'Tis on Thy meek and lowly breast  
 Our weary souls alone can rest.
- 2 Thou holy One of God!  
 The Father rests in Thee,  
 And in the savor of that blood  
 Once shed on Calvary.  
 The curse is gone—through Thee we  
 blest;  
 God rests in Thee—in Thee we rest.

3 The slaves of sin and fear—  
 Thy truth our bondage broke ;  
 Our happy spirits love to wear  
 Thy light and easy yoke.  
 The love which fills our grateful breast  
 Makes duty joy, and labor rest.

4 Soon the bright, glorious day—  
 The rest of God shall come ;  
 Sorrow and sin shall pass away,  
 And we shall reach our home :  
 Then of the promised land possessed,  
 Our souls shall know eternal rest.

98.

1 *Thess.* iv. 13.

C.M.

1 Take comfort, Christians, when your  
 friends  
 In Jesus fall asleep ;  
 Their better being never ends—  
 Why then dejected weep ?

2 Why inconsolable, as those  
 To whom no hope is given ?  
 Death is the messenger of peace,  
 And calls the soul to heaven.

- 3 As Jesus died, and rose again,  
Victorious from the dead;  
So His disciples rise, and reign  
With their triumphant Head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the  
clouds  
Christ shall with shouts descend;  
And the last trumpet's awful voice  
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,  
And they who sleep shall wake;  
The graves shall yield their ancient  
charge,  
And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God, from death set free,  
With joy shall mount on high;  
The heavenly hosts with praises loud,  
Shall meet them in the sky.
- Together to their Father's house,  
With joyful hearts they go;  
And dwell for ever with the Lord,  
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 8 A few short years of evil past,  
We reach the happy shore,  
Where death-divided friends at last  
Shall meet to part no more.

99.

*Acts vii. 59.*

P.M.

- 1 My soul, go boldly forth,  
Forsake this sinful earth ;  
What hath it been to thee  
    But pain and sorrow ?  
And think'st thou it will be  
    Better to-morrow ?
- 2 Why art thou for delay ?  
Thou can'st not here to stay ;  
What tak'st thou for thy part  
    But heavenly pleasure ?  
Where then should be thy heart  
    But where's thy treasure ?
- 3 Thy God, thy Head's above ;  
There is the world of love ;  
Mansions there purchased are,  
    By Christ's own merit,  
For these He doth prepare  
    Thee by His Spirit.
- 4 Lord Jesus, take my spirit,  
I trust Thy love and merit :  
Take home Thy wand'ring sheep,  
    For Thou hast sought it ;  
My soul in safety keep,  
    For Thou hast bought it.

BAXTER.

100.

2 *Tim.* iv. 6.

L

- 1 The hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home  
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,  
And let Thy servant die in peace.
- 2 Not in mine innocence I trust;  
I bow before Thee in the dust;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone  
I look for mercy at Thy throne.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I held so dear,  
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 4 I come, I come at Thy command,  
I give my spirit to Thy hand;  
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 5 The hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home;  
Now, oh! my God, let trouble cease,  
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

LCC



---

They sung as it were a new song before the  
throne." (Rev. xiv. 8.)

---



## INDEX TO FIRST LINES.

---

|                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| A little while,.....          | No. 19 |
| A pilgrim through,.....       | 49     |
| Ah ! I shall soon,.....       | 28     |
| All that I was,.....          | 16     |
| And are we yet alive,....     | 72     |
| Asleep in Jesus,.....         | 96     |
| Awake ye saints,.....         | 59     |
| Away with our sorrow,.....    | 15     |
| Be merciful to me,.....       | 87     |
| Beloved, it is well,.....     | 63     |
| Blessed be God,.....          | 25     |
| Breast the wave,.....         | 96     |
| Do not I love Thee,.....      | 59     |
| Earth has engrossed,.....     | 54     |
| Faint not, Christian,.....    | 13     |
| For ever with the Lord,.....  | 8      |
| Give to the winds,.....       | 5      |
| Glory to God on high,.....    | 37     |
| He bids us come,.....         | 12     |
| Hope of our hearts,.....      | 45     |
| How blest is our sister,..... | 30     |
| I have a home,.....           | 22     |

I hear a voice,.....  
 I heard the voice of Jesus,.....  
 I journey through a desert,.....  
 I know not the way,.....  
 I lay my sins on Jesus,.....  
 I'm going to leave,.....  
 I thought upon my sins,.....  
 I was a wandering sheep,.....  
 If God is mine,.....  
 In Thy name, O Lord,.....  
 Is God for me,.....  
 It is Thy hand,.....  
 Jehovah is our strength,.....  
 Jesus, I love Thee,.....  
 Jesus, my Saviour,.....  
 Jesus, my sorrow,.....  
 Jesus, our Lord,.....  
 Jesus, Thy name,.....  
 Jesus, we rest in Thee, ..  
 Just as I am,.....  
 Let me be with Thee,.....  
 Let sinners saved,.....  
 Let worldly minds,.....  
 Long did I toil,.....  
 Look thou with pity,.....  
 Lord Jesus, are we one,.....  
 Lord, it belongs not,.....  
 My God, my Father,.....

|                                                   |               |
|---------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| <b>My sins are blotted out,.....</b>              | <b>No. 43</b> |
| <b>My soul, go boldly forth,.....</b>             | <b>99</b>     |
| <b>Nearer, my God, to Thee,.....</b>              | <b>55</b>     |
| <b>No condemnation,.....</b>                      | <b>9</b>      |
| <b>O gracious Shepherd,.....</b>                  | <b>77</b>     |
| <b>O haste away,.....</b>                         | <b>21</b>     |
| <b>O holy Saviour,.....</b>                       | <b>23</b>     |
| <b>O Lamb of God,.....</b>                        | <b>85</b>     |
| <b>O Lord, who now art seated,.....</b>           | <b>10</b>     |
| <b>O Thou, the contrite sinner's friend, ....</b> | <b>41</b>     |
| <b>One prayer I have,.....</b>                    | <b>50</b>     |
| <b>One sweetly solemn thought,.....</b>           | <b>95</b>     |
| <b>Our times,.....</b>                            | <b>6</b>      |
| <b>Pass away, earthly joy,.....</b>               | <b>75</b>     |
| <b>Praise ye Jehovah,.....</b>                    | <b>88</b>     |
| <b>Prayer is the breath,.....</b>                 | <b>65</b>     |
| <b>Prayer was appointed,.....</b>                 | <b>73</b>     |
| <b>Press forward,.....</b>                        | <b>60</b>     |
| <b>Rejoice for a brother,.....</b>                | <b>29</b>     |
| <b>Rejoice, ye saints,.....</b>                   | <b>14</b>     |
| <b>Sing we the song,.....</b>                     | <b>48</b>     |
| <b>Soon and for ever,.....</b>                    | <b>74</b>     |
| <b>Sow in the morn,.....</b>                      | <b>71</b>     |
| <b>Spirit Divine! attend,.....</b>                | <b>46</b>     |
| <b>Stand up, and bless the Lord,.....</b>         | <b>38</b>     |
| <b>Take comfort, Christians,.....</b>             | <b>98</b>     |
| <b>The Church has waited,.....</b>                | <b>22</b>     |
| <b>The hour of my departure,.....</b>             | <b>100</b>    |

|                                       |               |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| <b>The Spirit in our hearts,.....</b> | <b>No. 44</b> |
| <b>Thee will I love,.....</b>         | <b>66</b>     |
| <b>There is an eye,.....</b>          | <b>76</b>     |
| <b>There is an hour,.....</b>         | <b>56</b>     |
| <b>There is a morning star,.....</b>  | <b>81</b>     |
| <b>Thou art my hiding-place,.....</b> | <b>89</b>     |
| <b>Through the love,.....</b>         | <b>82</b>     |
| <b>Walk in the light,.....</b>        | <b>78</b>     |
| <b>We cannot always trace,.....</b>   | <b>82</b>     |
| <b>We love the Lord,.....</b>         | <b>40</b>     |
| <b>We'll sing of Christ,.....</b>     | <b>17</b>     |
| <b>Welcome, days,.....</b>            | <b>53</b>     |
| <b>What cheering words,.....</b>      | <b>11</b>     |
| <b>What Grace, O Lord,.....</b>       | <b>79</b>     |
| <b>When along, .....</b>              | <b>7</b>      |
| <b>When I by faith,.....</b>          | <b>36</b>     |
| <b>When I listen,.....</b>            | <b>52</b>     |
| <b>When the spark,.....</b>           | <b>57</b>     |
| <b>When this passing world,.....</b>  | <b>2</b>      |
| <b>When waves of sorrow,.....</b>     | <b>33</b>     |
| <b>When we cannot see,.....</b>       | <b>18</b>     |
| <b>Would'st thou be wise,.....</b>    | <b>68</b>     |













BV459.R94 1866

Devotional hymns selected from vari

Andover-Harvard

001182319



3 2044 077 925 691

